

The TATLER

and

BYSTANDER

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London
December 17, 1941



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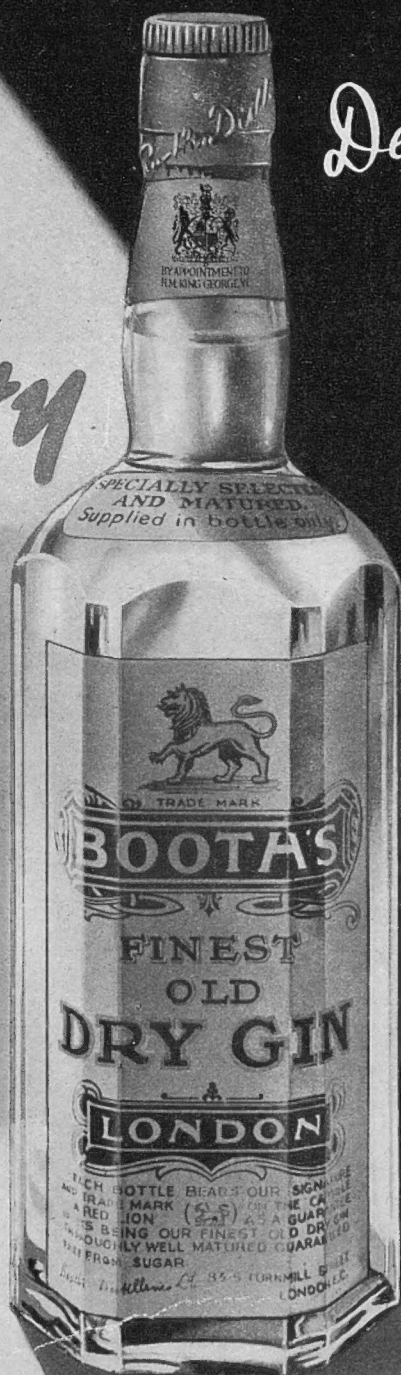
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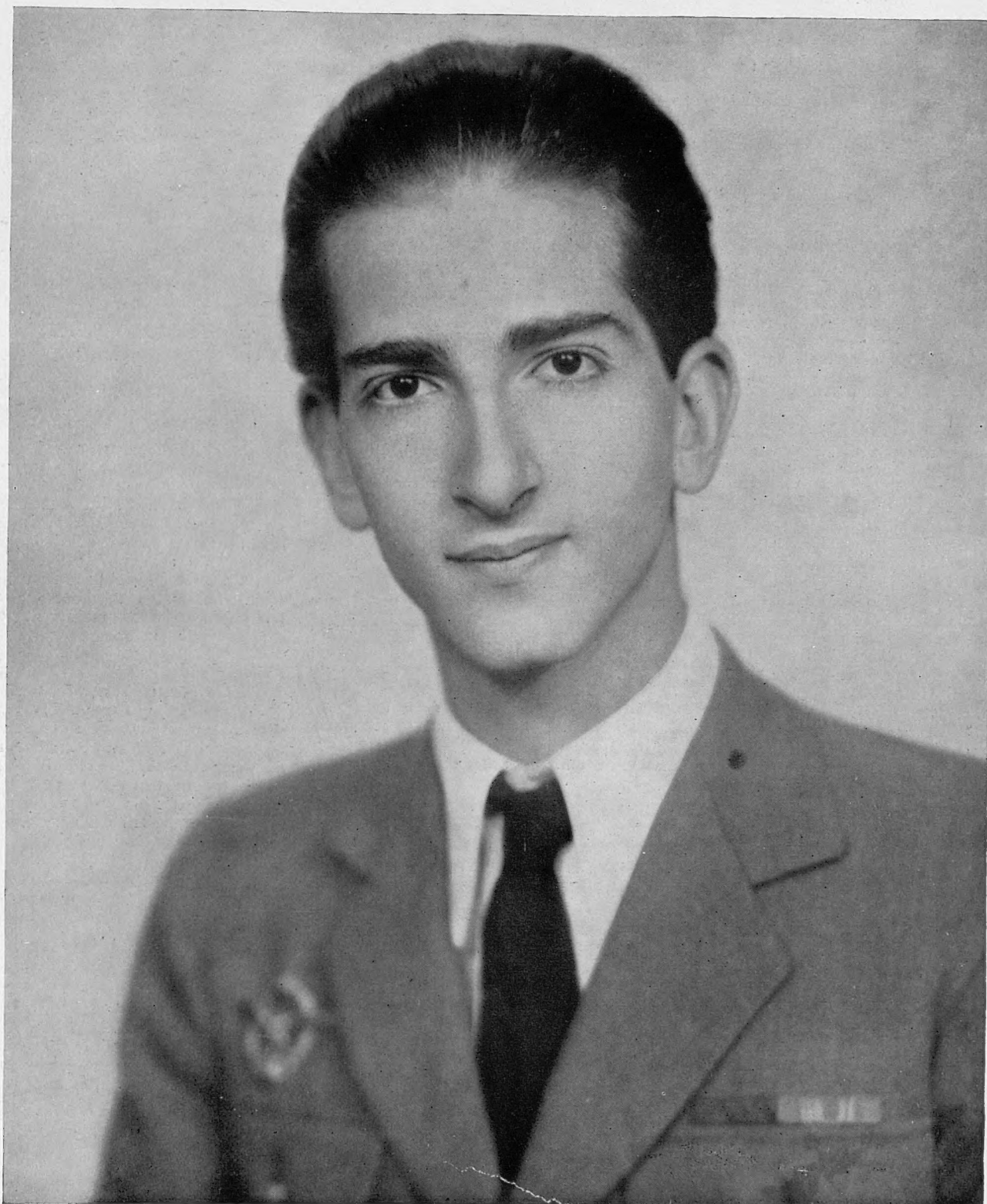
THE TATLER

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LONDON
DECEMBER 17, 1941

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Bertram Park

King Peter II of Yugoslavia

Peter II, King of all the Yugoslavs, a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, officially came of age when he celebrated his eighteenth birthday on September 6. The ceremony which marked the occasion was held in St. Paul's Cathedral only six months after the King had taken the oath of allegiance in Belgrade Cathedral. Belgrade is now in the hands of the Nazis but, with magnificent courage, the Yugoslavs fight on. The King himself is a trained navigator and is an officer in the Yugoslav Air Force



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

President's Policy

JAPAN'S method of declaring war was typically Prussian. Before President Roosevelt's last-minute appeal could reach the Emperor, Japanese forces had struck. This may have been coincidental, or deliberately done to prevent any possible interference by the Emperor whose word is supposed to be as sacred as holy law. But there was one immediate result for which we may be truly thankful: by their frontal attack the Japanese united all Americans—Isolationists as well as Interventionists—behind the President.

President Roosevelt's hand was strengthened by this, but also by the way he had conducted the negotiations with Mr. Kurusu, the Japanese "peace" envoy in Washington. Up to the last minute President Roosevelt did his utmost to avoid war in the Pacific. At the same time he did not allow any room for diplomatic ambiguity. He spoke plainly to Mr. Kurusu, and kept the British Government fully informed of every development. What is now most important, he made possible the creation of the A.B.C.D. front. There can be little doubt that the Japanese Government received a shock when this front emerged. It is obvious that the earnest little Mr. Kurusu was sent to Washington to find out how firm the United States might be in certain circumstances. The President realised this from the beginning, and he handled the discussions with that aspect always before him.

It always seemed clear to me that the military politicians in Tokio had settled their intentions before sending the "peace" envoy to Washington. Probably they hoped for a crack in the determination of the United States, in the absence of speedier German successes in Russia. After Dunkirk they made a bad mistake by assuming that Britain was

finished when France collapsed. Now they know the temper of the people of the United States.

In working out their policy the Japanese probably reckoned that it would be better to face the consequences of their gamble for expansion immediately rather than wait until Hitler was further weakened by the determination of the democracies. For with the crash of Hitlerism the Japanese militarists rightly assumed their chances of expansion by aggression in the Pacific would also go. Therefore, they decided to throw in their lot with Hitler in the hope that they might tip the scales in his (and their) favour.

Production Talk

THERE'S always a lot of talk in the House of Commons nowadays about war production problems. It's a parliamentary fashion to produce instances of gaps in our production organisation, and to talk about the wastage of manpower and the enforced idleness of useful labour. The cry goes up that we are not yet making our total effort. There may be a lot in this. But when I hear our Members talking their heads off I cannot help thinking about my gardener. He never seems to be in a hurry. He's always got time for a yarn. But he gets through an awful lot of work in his British way in the short time he can spare me each week; and there's never anything scamped.

In the same way, starting from scratch we've produced a lot of war weapons in this country; for the support of France (where they were mostly all lost), for the defence of these islands, for Egypt, for Turkey, for Asia, for Soviet Russia, and for the Far East. Somebody must have been doing some work to have massed the amount of material which we have



Bassano

New Member for Berwick-on-Tweed

Captain George C. Grey, M.P., who has recently been elected to represent Berwick-on-Tweed in the House of Commons, is in the Grenadier Guards

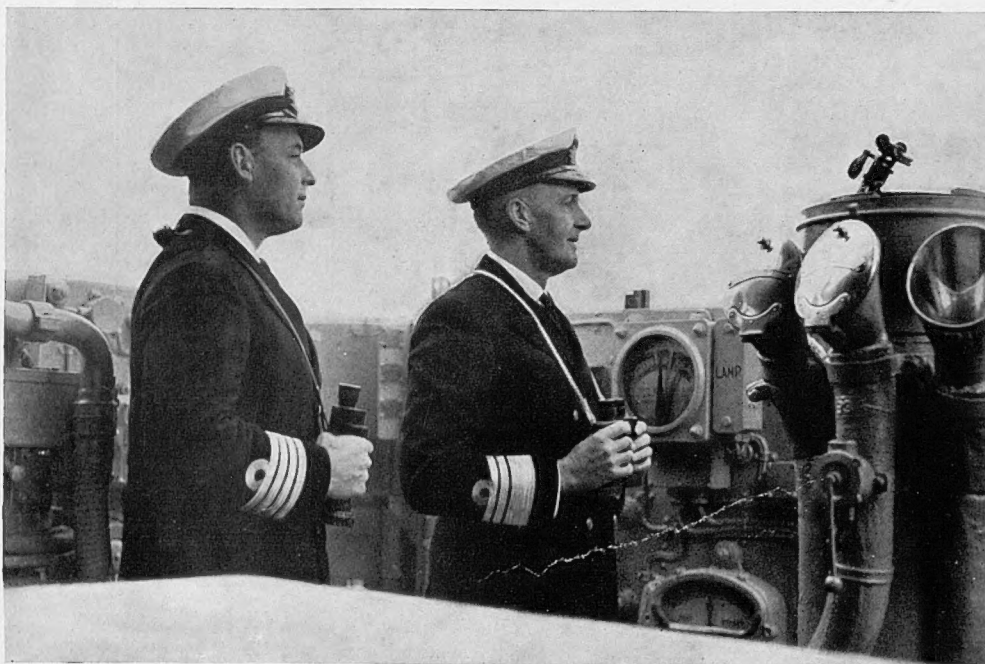
distributed in all parts of the world. To me this is more impressive than any regimented method would have produced. As far as Britain is concerned this is a total war because we are totally united. Any other form of totalitarianism would be dangerous to the freedom we are fighting for. Even Hitler would get some satisfaction from that kind of totalitarianism. I do hope our politicians, both left and right, realise that. I'm sure Mr. Ernest Bevin does.

New Compulsions

THE Government's new conscription plans are not unduly harsh. They make single women between twenty and thirty liable for compulsory service with the auxiliary services; and they raise the age of liability for men to fifty-one. In the last war, if I remember rightly, conscription went to the age of fifty-seven for men. There was no conscription of women. The operative phrase in the Government's present plans is *liability for service*. Clearly the scheme as laid down would require considerable administrative organisation if it were to become operative all at once. It will be carried out in stages, as and when men and women are required. By introducing their plans the Government are pooling the human resources of the nation so that the demands of the front line, the factory and the home defence services can be met. At the same time they are forestalling the political critics who assert that the Government are not handling the manpower and womanpower problem boldly.

Freedom to Revolt

MEMBERS of the Labour Party found an opportunity to revolt against the further conscription regulations because they were not accompanied by their particular brand of nationalisation of the nation's war plants, transport services and coal mines. They carried two or three Liberals and an odd Independent Member with them; and therefore forty voted against the Government. It is a healthy sign that they can do such a thing in wartime. In spite of the impression their action may have created abroad, there's no danger in it. The Government were able to



Vice-Admiral Sir James Somerville, K.C.B., D.S.O., and his Chief of Staff

Vice-Admiral Sir James Somerville, who is in command of the Western Mediterranean Fleet, is seen on the bridge of his flagship, H.M.S. "Renown," with his Chief of Staff, Captain N. J. W. William-Powlett, D.S.C.



British Ambassador Does Some Christmas Shopping

Sir Cecil Dormer, the British Ambassador to Poland, was amongst those who bought presents at the Christmas Bazaar in aid of Polish refugees opened in London by Countess Edward Raczyńska, wife of the Polish Ambassador. Mrs. T. D. Richardson, the Hon. Appeal Director of the Fund, is giving him some good advice



Tea Party at No. 10 Downing Street

Mrs. Churchill gave her first tea party at No. 10 Downing Street since the war to discuss plans for her "Aid to Russia" Flag Day which will be held in London and in the provinces between December 13 and 20. The fund now stands at £780,000. Mrs. Churchill is seen with Madame Maisky and a red cross nurse at the reception

prove that they have all the powers and the determination to "nationalise" anything they want, should it be necessary. Factories have been taken over by the Government, particularly one important unit in the Midlands. But equally important is the fact that factories have had to be handed back to the direction of private enterprise because "nationalisation" didn't work. This proves the elasticity of our national effort.

Revolt Against Leadership

THE fact is that the Labourites were putting on an act; a demonstration against their leaders. They knew that the Government would not give in, so there was no danger in trying to make their leaders within the Government feel a little uneasy. For years nationalisation has been one of the main planks in the Labour Party platform. All recent elections have been fought on the cry. But Labour didn't put nationalisation into operation when they won power in 1929. Nor had they the courage to use this solution of all evils (as they claim it to be) when the financial crisis came upon them in 1931. What a chance they had then. The country was ready to accept any bold leadership. But the Labourites left it to the Conservatives and the Liberals to put the country right.

Hitler's Eastern Plan

ROMMEL's resistance in Libya is earning Hitler's gratitude. The general knows that the longer he fights the more Hitler will be pleased, for Libya is no side-show to the Germans. It is part of a big plan. The harder we hit Rommel's forces, the greater strain we shall put on Hitler's powers of improvisation. For Hitler is determined to focus the war towards the East, because he realises that we are too strong for him to risk a frontal attack in the West. In the East he believes he can get cheap and vivid victories which can be turned to good political account when once again he thinks it worth while to launch a grand peace offensive. But this all depends on Rommel. If he can last out!

Plea to Pétain

HITLER apparently believes that if he can win victories in the Middle East, get oil from Baku and then seize Suez, the people of Britain will tire of the war and throw up the sponge! He thinks we'll throw up the sponge because we shall be bored by waiting for the invasion of Britain that doesn't come, and relieved by the air raids he doesn't make. But he is trying to make arrangements—improvisation—against the complete routing of Rommel in Libya. This we now know is why he sent Goering to meet Marshal Pétain.

He wanted Goering to persuade (or frighten) the marshal into military collaboration with Germany. The threat was that Rommel might have to fall back as far as Tunisia. Surely Marshal Pétain would want to join French forces with those of Germany to repel the British invaders who would follow Rommel? As I stated last week, Marshal Pétain was offered tempting bribes for future French security and prosperity if he would agree to this first degree of collaboration. But the marshal could not fail to remember how for twelve months Hitler appealed, urged and finally threatened him if he did not remove General Weygand from the military control of French North Africa. Hitler undoubtedly believed that there could be no military collaboration while Weygand was there. Weygand has been sacked; and now we must wait and see what further pressure Hitler puts on Marshal Pétain.

Oil Needs

BEST-INFORMED expert opinion believes that Marshal Timoshenko's brilliant rout of the Germans from Rostov has delayed Hitler's drive into the Caucasus by at least a month. This must be a serious blow to the Germans, for it delays their seizure of the oil they need so badly. One of Rommel's problems in Libya is shortage of oil and petrol. So Hitler must provide another improvisation. President Roosevelt has pointedly indicated where this may come. Turkey. This is now the quickest way to the Baku oilfields. By extending Lend-Lease aid to the Turkish Government the

American President has jumped ahead of Hitler in the game of power politics.

By action, and not by words the President has assured the Turks of American help—before they are invaded. This is highly important, and indicates that President Roosevelt as well as the British Government, appreciates Hitler's dreams of Eastern conquests. From the American side it fits in with the number of experts President Roosevelt has sent to Cairo, and the appointment there of Mr. William C. Bullitt as his Chief Adviser. From the British point of view, the creation of the new Ninth Army under General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson is also significant.

American Propaganda

MR. CYRIL RADCLIFFE has succeeded Sir Walter Monckton as Director-General at the Ministry of Information in Bloomsbury. Mr. Radcliffe is fully qualified for his new responsibilities for he's been assisting Sir Walter in one capacity or another since the Ministry of Information was set up. One of his present tasks is to rationalise our information services in the United States. The policy of sending lecturers to the United States was abandoned some little time ago, but now there is to be a stop on anybody going to the United States—whether they are invited to do so or not—who might damage our cause.

There is to be a careful vetting of all applications for visas. The argument is that we have got sufficient friends among Americans, and we can leave the propagation of our cause to them. All we need is to supply the latest and most vivid news we can, and this is best done through American correspondents from London or any part of the world where the British cause is being fought. This, it is hoped, will reduce the chances of fervent American Isolationists twisting and distorting the views and the activities of Britons in America. This policy might well be adopted by other Government departments, apart from the Ministry of Information, because there are complaints from friendly Americans that our several missions are overstaffed and need drastic weeding.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

The Year's Films

ONCE a year everybody should take stock of his position, and by taking stock I mean make tally of his deficiencies. Many people write to me and say, why, since you so obviously dislike pictures, do you trouble to write about them? Why not leave them alone? The answer is that I am extremely fond of pictures and cannot leave them alone. But I like them best when they are content to tell a tale by means of a camera; the moment I overhear a high-brow colleague babble about a picture "expressing itself in terms of cinema," I know I am disliking that picture intensely.

For me the picture that concerns itself with psychology is a bore. I care nothing at all whether in the end Claudette gets Ray or Lana hooks Clark. All that amuses me are the cyclones, whirlwinds, tornadoes, maelstroms and earthquakes, physical and symbolic, through which the couples must pass before the getting and the hooking. In other words, I go to the cinema purely for amusement, and not for edification, spiritual or æsthetic. The result, of course, is that I forget almost everything about a picture the moment I leave the picture house, as I think these places should be called; they are not theatres of any kind. As I was saying, nothing of the picture remains with me except possibly the recollection of some particularly good motor chase or flying sequence.

Of *Gone With the Wind*, which lasted some

four hours, I remember nothing at all. Who directed the film, who played in it, who wrote the novel, what the story was about—all these things have long since vanished. But I still remember that in this picture there was a town on fire, and I can still see somebody steering a horse through the flames. I remember that even at the time I cared nothing about who was driving and who was in the buggy; the conflagration and the horse seemed to me to be the things that mattered.

FOR many years I have made a habit of pasting THE TATLER cinema page into albums. I have done this so that when people ask me what I thought of such and such a film I can turn up the article and find out. The volumes serve a further purpose, which is that at the end of the year they enable me to recall pictures which ceased to be in the moment of writing about them. Without this aid I should remember only three pictures out of the scores I must have seen this year. These are *Fantasia*, which I found part-delightful and part-disgusting, a pretentious thing about what some people said was a sledge and others said wasn't, the name of which I have completely forgotten, and *49th Parallel*, which, after all the fuss that had been made about it, was a dire disappointment.

The album lies before me, and with the reader's consent we will turn it over together.

Seven Sinners seems to have been about Marlene, a bit of human backwash beating about the shore of some Pacific island. It doesn't disturb me that I have forgotten about Marlene's acting; I am surprised that I should not have remembered that magnificent fight at the end. *Road to Frisco* was supposed to be about the amours of two truck drivers; I found that for me interest centred wholly in the trucks. *Philadelphia Story* was about a society pet enticing a hard-boiled reporter into a bathing pool at midnight. I thought it improbable and dull. *Down Argentine Way* was remarkable for the performance of an actor called Leonid Kinskey in what is pudically known as a "guide." (I hear that when this picture went round the country, the part was cut.) *Flight Command* had some splendid flying scenes; *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* was much too long; *The Fighting 69th* was good because it was all about James Cagney, and all films that are all about James Cagney are good; *Boom Town* was a depressing film about oil wells and what happens when Claudette Colbert meets Hedy Lamarr, and was saved by what happened when Clark Gable's jaw came up against Tracy's left; *Kitty Foyle* pretended to rise above the novelette and didn't. Since Michael Redgrave could never for one moment suggest the hero of Wells's novel, it would have been better if *Kipps* had not been made. *Love on the Dole* was middling; *Bitter Sweet* frightful; *Men of Boy's Town* frankly horrid; *Pimpernel Smith* tolerable only because of Francis L. Sullivan as the Nazi commander.

OF *High Sierra* I find that I remember the superb car chase at the end. In *Jeannie* Barbara Mullen reproduced the success she made on the stage, but left us still undecided as to how far this little lady is an actress or merely an inspired portrayer of Scotch waifery and-strayage. I find I promised to forget all about the Australian film *Forty Thousand Horsemen*—I kept my promise. *Underground* was an impressive film about the Gestapo; *Shepherd of the Hills* was plain undiluted bosh. *Tight Shoes* had almost nothing to do with the story by Damon Runyon, whose tang and idiom it entirely missed; *Unfinished Business* was all about a telephone which I remember and Irene Dunne whom I don't; *Skylark* was Hollywood's version of *A Doll's House*; *Ships With Wings*, which ought to have been about the glorious *Ark Royal*, had a sillier plot than even Hollywood could have thought of; while throughout the year there have been so many flying pictures and all so much alike that even with the help of the album I cannot disentangle t'other from which. A poor year.

THE films this week are on the light side. *New York Town* (Carlton) is all about a small-town girl (Mary Martin) who thinks she would rather marry a pavement photographer (Fred McMurray) than marry a millionaire (Robert Preston). And does so. This is O.K. by me, and I have no doubt it is O.K. with Mary and Fred who, we feel, are never going to be really poor, and I have equally little doubt that it will be O.K. with Robert also, since millionaires with real money are not likely to go short of love for long.

A colleague writes that Mr. Clark Gable has two expressions, the whimsically charming and the dangerously tough, and that on these he rings the changes. I respectfully suggest that only one change is possible, that of the dangerously charming and whimsically tough. There does not seem to be any more to say of *Honky Tonk* (Empire) except that this picture shows how a nice young woman like Lana Turner can preserve niceness and, in the process, come by a wedding ring, three rows of pearls and a fur tippet.



Bing Crosby in a New Musical Picture

"Birth of the Blues" has its première at the Plaza on December 12. And who should father the event more appropriately than Bing Crosby? Here he is with Mary Martin and little Carolyn Lee



New-at-the-job *Holy Messenger* (Edward Everett Horton) has made a mistake. He has delivered Joe Pendleton (Robert Montgomery), would-be light-heavyweight champion of the world, at the Heavenly Airport fifty years too soon. Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains), a godlike official, tells Joe that he must return to earth



Joe returns in the body of newly-murdered millionaire Bruce Farnsworth. He remains himself but looks to others like Farnsworth. Joe's manager, Max Corkle (James Gleason), who has had Joe's body cremated, collapses on learning what has happened

Here Comes Mr. Jordan

An Original Entertainment

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Regal, December 19) is as wild a yarn as ever was filmed. It is comedy, melodrama, fantasy, all in one. Robert Montgomery as a prize-fighter who kills himself flying, finds that his soul must inhabit other men's bodies in order that he may live his allotted span. It sounds fantastic, but Bob makes it almost plausible



The sight of Joe looking like her husband is too much for faithless wife Julia Farnsworth (Rita Johnson). Lover Tony (John Emery) who helped her to murder her husband, tries to revive her



Bette Logan (Evelyn Keyes) whose father is in danger of imprisonment as a result of Farnsworth's double dealing, comes to Joe (who she thinks is Farnsworth) for help. Joe falls in love with her



Joe is forced to quit Farnsworth's body, which is killed again and hidden by Julia and Tony. He takes the body of a prize-fighter shot in the ring and wins the fight. With the championship he coveted, Joe wins his girl and lives happily ever after

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The Man Who Came to Dinner (Savoy)

ON its first night at the Savoy this American success was a roar both on the stage and off. The roaring off the stage was done by the audience, which delighted in the sophisticated, flash-flash sallies provided by those ingenious and indefatigable authors, George Kaufman and Moss Hart. The roaring on the stage was done by that admirable and artistically broad-shouldered actor, Robert Morley, who was seldom out of sight or earshot, and whose business it was, in the character of a famous author, publicist and radio star, to be as rude as possible to as many people as surrounded him.

Thus, when his nurse—for he had slipped on a piece of ice and hurt himself—deprived him of some candies on the ground that they weren't good for him, he snarled out: "My mother ate a pound and a half of chocolates regularly every day of her life, and she lived to be one hundred and four years old, and three days after she was dead looked better than you do at this moment"—or words to that entertaining and ungentlemanly effect.

As to the host and hostess in whose Ohio home he found himself temporarily and exasperatingly confined to a wheel chair, he bellowed at them, bullied them, cleared them out of their own quarters, told them their friends must call by the back door as his friends would be using the front one, forbade them the use of their own telephone, threatened to sue them, ordered his own meals, stole their cook—and all in such grossly insulting terms that it was hard to believe they would not have retaliated much more forcibly and effectively than they did.



An impersonation. Edward Cooper out-Cowards Noel Coward

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Family dictums. Richard Stanley lays down the law. (Peter de Greeff and Constance Lowne. Nurse in the background is Violet Lyel)

ONE gathers, however, that there is an author in the United States who is rather like this, that he is pleased rather than otherwise with the picture of him presented in this comedy, and that he has even performed the principal part himself. To such a pass may fame and the appetite for even more of it bring its unhappy victims.

Fame is fundamentally the theme of the play. Celebrities abound on every page of the script. Before the curtain has been up

for two minutes H. G. Wells is reported to be on the long-distance phone. All sorts of Christmas presents, including penguins and cockroaches, arrive from all sorts of famous people, including Shirley Temple. In the second act another author who is very like Noel Coward arrives in the person of Edward Cooper, with bitterly shattering song. In the third act Jerry Verno turns up in the character of a comedian reminding one irresistibly and intentionally of Harpo Marx.

It is all outrageously lively. Wisecracks hurtle. Bad manners flourish. Vulgarity is pilloried. Here, indeed, is not the art that conceals art but the vulgarity that exposes vulgarity, with a little love story in the middle of it that has about as much chance of vitality as a primrose in an electric oven.

THE authors prove themselves original, witty, rather tiresomely addicted to one string, but highly skillful in playing variations on it.

The actors, of whom there are thirty-four, have been discriminatingly chosen and execute their odd jobs with unflagging effect. Mr. Morley is a tower of strength. He is one of the few actors on our stage capable of bearing heavy loads and remaining vital. He might do much if he would go in for really big game. Mr. Cooper makes a hit with his imitation of Mr. Coward. Mr. Verno's ebullient Harpo comes out curiously like the comedian in the old melodramas who popped out of barrels at the psychological moment to thwart the villain and save the situation. There is also a very clever performance of a dotty old lady given by Edie Martin.

It is, by the way, interesting to observe that whereas a modern audience would not dream of interrupting the course of a play by applauding a noble sentiment, which was once quite the regulation thing, the only thing it now applauds in the middle of a scene is a joke. Having called attention to which, I leave you to draw whatever deductions may occur to you.



Bitter words between friends under the unmoved gaze of an adoring secretary. (Coral Browne, Mary Alice Collins and Robert Morley.)

Greta Gynt

A Lovely Norwegian
Dancer and Film Star

Miss Greta Gynt first came to this country in 1936 when she danced in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. This week she is singing Norwegian songs at the Inter-Allied Christmas Fair and Exhibition which is being held at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the Red Cross

*Photographs by
Harlip*



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Chinese Charity

THE Chinese Embassy was open for an afternoon's entertainment in aid of the Chinese War Orphanage. Lovely rooms, with embroidered silk wall-panels, satin upholstery woven with golden dragons, and crystal chandeliers like illuminated fountains were laid out with stalls of "Chinese Art Goods," palmists behind Chinese screens, and raffle prizes, and there were also Russian Gipsy songs, Chinese dancing, ordinary dancing (by anyone who liked, to a band), a demonstration of Chinese painting by Mr. Chiang Yee, and so on.

It was all sponsored by the London Chinese Women's Relief Association, of which Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek is hon. president, Mme. Wellington Koo hon. vice-president, Mrs. P. W. Kuo chairman, and Mrs. Y. S. Lung vice-chairman.

The drawing of raffles was opened by the Dowager Lady Townshend of Raynham, and the prizes drawn for were lovely Chinese things made of jade, china, silk, ivory and all national specialities.

Allies at It Again

THIS month's Overseas League party for Allied officers was as crowded and successful as ever, with a band merrily contributing to the uproar. Mr. Anthony Eden was to have come, but was prevented. However, Mrs. Eden was there, in black with a red blouse, and Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas were receiving the masses of officers, M.P.s and ordinary people.

Lord and Lady Simon were there, Sir John and Lady Anderson, the Archduke Robert of Austria, Sir Earle Page, the Australian delegate, Mrs. Jordan, representing South Africa, General le Gentilhomme, Mr. Lanigan O'Keefe, Mr. Alan Graham, Miss Patricia ("Boo") Brand, in her gay red hair, the Baroness Winterstein-Gillespie and many more.

The party was scheduled to last from five-thirty until seven, but it was still going strong at seven-thirty.

First Night

THE first night of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* was all-round impressive—the play was quite exhausting, it was so slick and quick-moving, the audience well laced with celebrities and quite a show of evening clothes, furs and jewellery.

Lots of stage people—Beatrice Lillie with her Eton crop rearing up into horn-like curls in front; John Gielgud, "immaculate"; Dorothy Dickson, in mink; Fred Emney, fat and festive; Beverley Nichols, with someone in the Air Force; Hector Bolitho, with "New Zealand" on his shoulder; Theodora Benson, with red foxes from shoulder to knee—they would have reached the ground on someone less tall—Michael Wilding, Aimee Stuart, Mrs. Dudley Porter, with Mrs. Bobby Howes, Topolski, Brian Desmond Hurst, Mr. Magnus Geddes, Princess Nika Yourievitch, and Mr. Keiran Tunney, Miss Tania and Mr. Peter Price, Mr. Lucien Freud and, of course, *all* the critics and Press people.



The Hon. Derek Mond Vandyk

The engagement was announced recently of the Hon. Derek Mond to Miss Yvonne Searle. He is the elder son of Lord and Lady Melchett, of Mulberry House, Westminster, and Colworth House, Sharnbrook, Bedford. Mr. Mond is just nineteen.

Film

ONE of those morning showings of the film *Hi, Gang!* was attended by most of its cast—Mr. Vic Oliver, with his wife, Miss Sarah Churchill, in W.A.A.F. uniform; Miss Bebe Daniels, with a curious little round hat, studded with brass nails, on the back of her head; Mr. Ben Lyon; Mr. Graham Moffat, who is the funny fat boy; and more besides. Also Mr. and Mrs. Val Guest—he is responsible for the script and some of the lyrics, and she looks like Jean Arthur—Mr. George Posford and Mr. Norman Smart, the *Express* reporter, who was so excitingly on the Ark Royal.

The film has lots of breezy comedy, and is very energetically performed by one and all.

Decor

THE decoration at the lately reopened Prince's Restaurant is very unusual and amusing. It is by a Pole called Pilichowski, is done in plastic relief on rope grids and mostly represents the raw material of the menu—a hay-wire-looking cow with three milk-bottles visible in its stomach, a hen with eggs likewise revealed, and antlered stag's head with guns rampant and so on.

Pilichowski is the son of Leopold Pilichowski, the painter who did portraits of such people as Einstein, Anatole France and Lord Balfour, and of a mother who also painted, using novel materials like silk and velvet instead of canvas.

He got his A.R.I.B.A. as an architect, has designed some modern buildings and done many striking surrealist decors in cocktail bars and clubs. He is now in the R.A.F.

Christening

LORD AND LADY LONDON-DERRY's daughter, Lady Mairi Keppel, has just had her young daughter christened in the private chapel at Mount Stewart. The child's names are Elizabeth Mairi, and she



The King of Greece was Godfather to Juliet Margaret Smith

The christening of Juliet Margaret, the baby daughter of Captain the Earl of Birkenhead and the Countess of Birkenhead, took place at Newbottle-with-Charlton Church. In the photograph are the Hon. Mrs. Chetwode, Lady Pamela Berry, Viscount Camrose, Adrian Berry, Lady Joan Smith, Margaret, Lady Birkenhead, Mr. Brendan Bracken (godfather), Major the Hon. Michael Berry (godfather), Lady Camrose, the Countess of Birkenhead and her daughter, Viscount Furneaux, Mrs. Andrew Ferguson (godmother) and King George of Greece (godfather)



Miss Yvonne Victoria Searle *Vandyk*

Miss Yvonne Victoria Searle, who is to marry the Hon. Derek Mond, is the only child of Captain T. Douglas Searle, of 6, Lypiatt Terrace, Cheltenham. Her fiancé is a keen oarsman, and stroked the Eton eight at Henley in 1939

wore a frock sent by her paternal great-grandmother, Lady Albemarle. This garment was first worn by the son of the first Lord Albemarle at his christening, when Queen Anne was one of the sponsors.

The godparents were the grandfather, the Marquess of Londonderry, Viscount Bury and Lieut. the Hon. Walter Keppel, R.N., and the godmothers, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Helen Jessel, who is Lady Mairi's sister, the Hon. Mrs. David McKenna and Mrs. James Corrigan.

Wedding

MR. A. H. GURNEY, Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney's eldest son, married Miss Cynthia Charrington at Basingstoke.

The bridegroom and best man, Mr. Bernard Cayzer, were both in uniform, and there was a guard of honour of warrant officers and N.C.O.s. The bride was given away by her father, Colonel H. V. S. Charrington, and there was a reception at her parents' home, Winchfield House, near Basingstoke. Her attendants were George Jeffreys, Richenda Gurney, Irene Morris and the Misses Elizabeth and Marigold Charrington, her sisters.

Among people there were Lady Cantelupe, General Sir George Jeffreys, Sir Christopher and Lady Magnay, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, Major and Mrs. Wickham, Mrs. MacLeod, Mr. Neil MacLeod, Mrs. James Stopford, Lord and Lady Mansfield and Lady Carnegie.

Play and Book

M. J. FARRELL has produced a new play and new book almost together. In private life she is Mrs. Bobby Keane, and lives in Co. Waterford, in a lovely house on the Blackwater, near Lismore, where Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish live, and Dromana, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ion Villiers-Stuart.

The play, *Ducks and Drakes*, has continuous laughs, and is about delightfully familiar people—almost everyone must have a Cousin Irene, know and delight in a Totty Barker and detest a June. And Judy Campbell looks lovely in beautifully cut trousers.

The book happens in 1920, cosily remote from now, and has nostalgic descriptions of early morning rides and happy country times—a little disrupted, however, by the "troubles."

Two Musicians

THE composer of the Polish ballet, *Cracow Wedding*, is Tomasz Glinski, a Polish pianist and composer. He organised a peasant orchestra, and used to tour his own countryside, composing his own music and playing the piano in the orchestra. He escaped to France soon after the outbreak of war, and finally reached this country, where he is now working for the Polish Government.

Wincenty Rapacki works with him, and is also a pianist and composer, and a nephew of Joseph Hoffman. He used to be a regular broadcaster from Warsaw, and joined the Polish Forces at the outbreak of war. Together they have just made their first two records for H.M.V.

About

RICHARD GREENE, the soldier film star, was out with his fiancée, whom he met on a film set, and another film light, the brand-newest of successful ingénues, Glynis Johns, was supping out, suitably dressed in pink, and being asked for her autograph by quantities of enthusiastic fans.

Sir Alan Horne was discussing plays with his brother—one had been to *Blithe Spirit*, the other to *The Man Who Came to Dinner*—with qualified satisfaction; it was thought that *Blithe Spirit* could have been made more horrific by both wives being brought to life instead of both being dead.

A decorative couple much seen in pleasant places are Captain and Mrs. J. Jardine Hunter Paterson, whose name my half-ration of mind gets wrong every time. My spelling is right this time, and I hope they will accept my apologies for the mistakes I've made in the past.



The Hon. C. M. McLaren and Miss D. Knewstub

The Hon. Charles Melville McLaren was married to Miss Deirdre Knewstub, daughter of Mr. John Knewstub, at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. He is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Aberconway, of Bodnant, Tal-y-Cafn, Denbighshire. The wedding reception was held afterwards at 10, Devonshire Place



Lieut. R. C. G. de Longueuil and Miss Waterkeyn

Lieut. Raoul Charles Grant de Longueuil, R.N., eldest son of Baron and Baroness de Longueuil, of Chiberta, Virginia Water, was married to Miss Marcelle Aileen Mary Waterkeyn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Waterkeyn, of Erin, Egham, at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory, Warwick Street. The bridegroom's mother is a cousin of the Queen

Service Wives



Wife of the Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff
 Mrs. Colleen Nye is the wife of Major-General A. E. Nye, M.C. Her husband recently succeeded Sir Henry Pownall as Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Mrs. Nye is chief of the Chelsea W.V.S., where she works with her mother, Lady Knox. Her father, General Sir Harry Knox, is Governor of Chelsea Royal Hospital. Mrs. Nye has two children by a former marriage to Major Noel Stevenson, of the Black Watch—a son, Terence, who is fifteen years old, and a daughter, Sheila, who is twelve.

Wife of the Air Officer Commanding the Western Desert



Mrs. Coningham is the wife of Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Coningham, D.S.O. Her husband, who is a New Zealander, succeeded Air Commodore Collishaw as Air Officer Commanding the Western Desert. Mrs. Coningham is the mother of Sir Howard Frederick Frank, Bt. Her first husband, Sir Howard Frank, senior partner of the firm of Knight, Frank and Rutley, and a well-known yachtsman, died in 1932. Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Coningham have one child—a daughter.

Photograph by
Bertram Park



Wife of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff
 Lady Alan Brooke is the wife of General Sir Alan Brooke, K.C.B., D.S.O. Sir Alan recently succeeded Field-Marshal Sir John Dill as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Lady Brooke is the eldest daughter of Sir Harold Pelly, Bt. She was the widow of Sir Thomas Evans Keith Lees when she married Sir Alan, as his second wife, in 1929. They have two children—Alan, who is nine years old, and Kathleen who is ten. Their home is at Hartley Wintney, in Hampshire.

Bassano



Arthur Bradbury
1941.

Wife of the Air Officer C.-in-C. Coastal Command

Lady Joubert is the wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, K.C.B., D.S.O., Air Officer C.-in-C., Coastal Command. She was formerly Miss Marjorie Denison Hall, of Bellevue, Sheffield. Sir Philip and Lady Joubert have two daughters—Elizabeth, who is now a member of the M.T.C., and Ann. This photograph has been reproduced from a pastel drawing by Arthur Bradbury, A.R.W.A.

The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon with Their Son



The Hamiltons at Home in Lanarkshire



The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale

Angus Alan Douglas is the three-year-old heir to one of Scotland's proudest titles, the Dukedom of Hamilton and Brandon. Fair-haired and sturdy, he wears a kilt like his father, bright diced stockings and buckled shoes

The Duke of Hamilton and Brandon succeeded his father in 1940. He is the Premier Peer of Scotland and is Hereditary Keeper of Palace of Holyrood House. He married in 1937 Lady Elizabeth Percy, elder sister of the present Duke of Northumberland and of the late Duke, who was killed in action in 1940. She was a Train-bearer to the Queen at the Coronation. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton have a son and heir, Angus Alan Douglas, Marquess of Clydesdale, born in September 1938. The Duke, a well-known pilot and also a boxer before the war, is a Group Captain in the R.A.F., and in August was appointed Air Training Corps Commandant for Scotland. In 1933 he acted as chief air pilot with the Mount Everest Flight Expedition. His place in Scotland is Dungavel, Strathaven, Lanarkshire, where these pictures were taken

*Photographs by
Compton Collier*



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LOVERS of the eighteenth century must be charmed, like us, to realise that a recent theft of two vanloads of cosmetics in the East End means that more and more sweethearts with chums in the Black Market will be able to colour their dainty pans into something approaching animation ere long, after weeks of short rations.

"Raddled" was also the word for the eighteenth-century fair, who laid on the red-and-white like a fresco, and sometimes died of it. Candle-light dictated this excess, as it dictated the stamping and raving of contemporary actors; we've often wondered what sort of a ham Garrick would look in a modern West End play, or whispering campaign. (The word for Peg Woffington and Mrs. Clive would probably be "spam," that American canned ham, sugared and spiced, now being dutifully devoured by the Island Race.)

When you could hardly see an actor's face from the pit—most period theatre prints show that one central chandelier and a guttering row of footlights were all the light those boys got—he had to roar like the devil to put himself across.

Lashings of mirrors and gilt and white panelling helped girls in drawing-rooms, but even then their features can't have been very distinguishable. Maybe that explains (a) why their portraits make them all look like tinted eggs; and (b) Casanova.

Footnote

It is pleasant to remember that Max Beerbohm made his début in *The Yellow Book* in the 'nineties with an essay gracefully defending cosmetics, which in those days nice women shunned, the mournful beauty of the Island Pan being then deemed to be sufficiently exciting of itself. It would be pleasanter, even, to read Max's recantation now.

Knock

PURSING their lips and elaborately taking no notice, our brethren and soulmates, the Fleet Street boys, have evidently decided not to comment on a declaration by the gnome Goebbels at Berlin University to the effect that news is printed nowadays deliberately to deceive, which is its true function.

Typical brash Boche brutality, we call that crack. The truth about news is put far more accurately and delicately by two of the characters in Evelyn Waugh's lovely Fleet Street novel, *Scoop*. A journalist says: "News is what a chap who doesn't care much about anything wants to read." And again: "They all have different policies, so, of course, they have to give different news."

And the mystery financier, discussing newspaper mysteries, goes a little further:

It is seldom that they are absolutely, point-blank wrong. That is the popular belief, but those in the know can usually discern an embryo truth, a little grit of fact, like the core of a pearl, round which has been deposited the delicate layers of ornament.

Tactfully winding up this fascinating topic, we remember a roughneck American comedy called *Clear All Wires*, in which one of the journalists says wearily to a colleague, "Hell, they don't want the



"I can guarantee the new tinned rabbit, Madam"

news, they just want to know what happened." This seems to sum up essential differences very nicely, and we are now taking you over to hear Aunt Jemima Joad and her Tinpot Troubadours in a rollicking musical Brains Trust brawl, *Ask Us Another*.

Portent

SPEAKING of vaudeville turns, the engagement by the Brains Trust of a hot number described quite calmly by Professor Huxley as *The Wisest Man In The World—Sonnez, clairons! Chantez, coucous!*—will probably give this show a much-needed lift. If not, a couple of bearded ladies, the Human Hairpin, the Boneless Wonder, the Six Flying Sapolios, the Tallest Dwarf in Captivity, and (if available) Pongo, the Learned Ape will undoubtedly be added in due course, a B.B.C. variety spy assures us.

The last time the apathetic mob had anything like *The Wisest Man*, etc., sprung suddenly on it was some years ago, when—have you forgotten?—mysterious photographs began to appear in a million-circulation daily of a huge, unknown, rather embarrassed face, with the threatening caption: "This Is The Man That England Needs," or words to that effect. After a week of almost daily display the photographs vanished, equally mysteriously, into the circumambient Inane, no more was heard of England's White Hope, and the hamfaced populace resumed stolidly backing winners, if it had ever left off. Somebody told us afterwards that the Face was that of a decent, shy Oxford don who had caught the wayward fancy of the millionaire owner and was utterly agonised, shamed and metagrobolised. Thus does Life plagiarise the wildest fancies of the satire boys.

The Wisest Man in the World (or anyway Surbiton) is a more serious proposition, and we wish to Heaven we could stop laughing, Mrs. Grabshaw.

Exit

ONE thing about the Libyan campaign is that it has abolished the only good Home Guard joke. If you've already heard it—and a fat lot we care!—an aged Home Guard entered a pub full of soldiers, with one solitary, glum A.B. brooding apart in a corner. The A.B. plunged at him with a glad cry straight away, slapped him on the back, shook his hand, asked his name, stood him three drinks in quick succession, and was ordering a fourth when the H.G. said,

(Concluded on page 410)



"Now, if we'll just smooth our hair, moisten our lips and say 'plum,' everything will be okedoke"

Men of the R.A.F.

Portraits by Olive Snell



Pilot-Officer Frederick Anthony Owen Gaze was born at Melbourne, Australia. He enlisted in the R.A.F. in January 1940, and has shown a persistent desire to engage the enemy on all occasions. Recently he undoubtedly saved his squadron commander from being shot down over enemy territory by destroying his two attackers. He has destroyed at least three enemy aircraft.

Flight-Lieut. E. H. Bagnald, D.F.C., was born at Southampton. He joined the R.A.F.V.R. in November 1938, and was awarded the D.F.C. this year for his courage and devotion to duty during an attack on Bremen. Although wounded and in great pain, Flight-Lieut. Bagnald carried on with his duties and enabled the aircraft, badly battered and forced down to within 50 ft. of the ground, to be brought home safely.



Squadron-Leader D. A. Willis, D.F.C., was born in Winnipeg, Canada. He is known as "Tiny" because he stands more than 6 ft. He came to England in September 1937, and after training was posted to No. 10 Squadron of Bomber Command, where he specialised in navigation to such effect that he was made Squadron Navigation Officer. In October 1939 he took part in the first leaflet raid on Berlin.



Acting Squadron-Leader Alexander Vallance Riddell Johnstone was born at Glasgow. He joined the R.A.F. Reserve of Officers in 1935. He has proved himself to be a leader of ability and determination and has been mainly responsible for the high standard of morale in his squadron. He has destroyed four enemy aircraft, one at night.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

nervously, puzzled-like: "What's the idea, sailor? Why me? Why not some of those Army chaps over there?" "Well, chum," said the A.B. frankly, "you're the only (something) mob of (so-and-so's) us blokes 'aven't 'ad to evacuate, up to now."

Also a casualty, incidentally, is the crack—dating probably from the Civil War, and bobbing up in every war since—about the Guardee subaltern who was so dumb that even his brother-officers noticed it.

Rap

For including "a little West End actress preening and ogling in a silver cage" among the exhibits in that Ideal Museum we mentioned the other week, we have been denounced by a Naval chap who threatens to set Our Dumb Friends' League on to us.

This kind of woolly sentimentalism, unworthy of the sea, derives from the poet

Blake, from whose *Auguries of Innocence* we extract the well-known lines:

A little Actress in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage,
It is by far a better rag
To put her in a Gladstone-Bag.

We used to know a soft-hearted chap who always took a few Gladstone bags to parties where little actresses were expected. When the lambent, big-eyed winsomeness and artless prattle of some delicious tiny sweetheart became quite unendurable, he would seize her, pack her quickly into a bag, run outside, call a taxi, and direct the driver to deliver the bag at the Buckingham Gate flat of A. G. Macdonell, our late regretted friend and colleague. When Macdonell came home, he invariably released the dainty creatures, fed them, let them flutter round a bit, trilling and cooing, then yawned and let them fly away. Keeping little actresses in cages or aviaries, we admit, seemed cruelty to both these tender hearts, and they often denounced rich stockbrokers in Surrey for doing so. Our



MADRID MURPHY

PAPER CHASE

Paper is a munition of war. Use it sparingly. Save it consistently.

Waste paper is needed for more shell-containers, gun-fuses, bomb parts. Turn out those back numbers, old letters, music, catalogues, books.

Cardboard is invaluable, too. Save your old boxes, cigarette-packets, cartridge-cases. Your local council will collect.

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"While it's Christmas 'ere, I suppose it's just about August Bank 'Oliday where you come from?"

own feeling is that caged actresses earn their keep by doing their tricks, such as swinging by the toes, and, if in song, they can sing. In a Gladstone bag their talents are wasted.

That's our position, clear and practical, and we don't need any soppy hearts-of-oak with chests all over flags and anchors, not to speak of pink-gin stains, to tell us the rights and wrongs of it. (End.)

Carillonneur

MALINES (Mechlin) under a clear summer evening sky in peacetime. Ancient tranquillity sleeping the Grand Place, and the placid burgesses drinking strong Flemish beer. Suddenly, from the enormous tall tower of St. Rombaut, a crystalline shower of chiming, infinitely sweet and pure and distant, swelling into the melody of a carillon, filling the sky with silver music. It was (you may have heard it) a recital by Jef Denijn, master-carillonneur of Flanders. Jef Denijn died a month ago, fortunately leaving some pupils, one English. We have looked vainly for any tribute to his genius by Auntie Times.

No real bell-music exists outside Flanders, where the Flemings built their Gothic towers high, because of their flat rolling plains, and open, so that the carillon is flung over the land like spray. The nearest native thing we have to carillon-music is probably that still-flourishing seventeenth-century London handbell club called for some reason the Antient Society of Colledge Youths, who produce very sweet chiming indeed, and ring some gracious tunes. The mathematical triple-bob-major stuff you hear from our belfries normally seems to us just a noise; for saying which we shall probably be taken to pieces by raving bellringers.

Brawl

It won't be our first lethal clash with the grandsire-triple boys. Some time ago they attacked us like wild bulls for mildly conjecturing in print that all that violent exercise makes them sweat somewhat. Bone-dry, all bellringers are; bone-dry, touchy, vindictive, suspicious, fanatical, crabbed, silent, shunned, and ugly. For if they weren't ugly beyond endurance, girls wouldn't have to climb and cling to bells when Curfew Must Not Ring To-night; those sweethearts would be three floors down among the ropes and pleading in the ringers' arms.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin', by Lionel Edwards

Yeomanry officers watching tank manoeuvres:
"Crackin' good tankin' country, what?"

At West Wycombe Park

The Home of Sir John and Lady Dashwood



The magnificent inlaid mahogany staircase of Dashwood House, which was built in the reign of George II., provides an elegant background for Lady Dashwood

Sir John and Lady Dashwood have converted part of their lovely Buckinghamshire home into a maternity convalescent home for officers' wives. Sir John is now a Flight Lieutenant in the Auxiliary Air Force, No. 907 (Balloon) Squadron. Lady Dashwood was formerly Miss Helen Moira Eaton, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Vernon Eaton, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery

Two of Lady Dashwood's young visitors are taking advantage of the winter sunshine under the watchful eye of their hostess. Sister Simond, who is in charge of all the patients, is sitting nearby with one of her nurses. In the background, sitting on the steps leading from the music-room, are the Hon. Edward Sackville-West, Miss Sarah Dashwood and Mr. Francis Dashwood

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The Music-Room at Dashwood House

Lady Dashwood is practising one of the family's favourite tunes with her son and daughter. Sarah is an expert on the saxophone, while Francis is in charge of "effects"





Swache

A Young House Party at Stanton Fitzwarren

The Countess of Cadogan has recently returned to this country from a ten months' visit to Egypt, where her husband, Captain the Earl of Cadogan, is stationed. During their absence abroad, their three children, the young Viscount Chelsea and his sisters, Lady Sarah and Lady Daphne Cadogan, have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ducas at Stanton Fitzwarren, in Wiltshire. In the photograph Lady Daphne sits on her mother's knee. Lady Sarah, Viscount Chelsea, and Lady Cadogan's mother, Mrs. Theodore William Wessel, are also sitting. Standing behind is Mrs. Robert Ducas with her daughter June. Robert Ducas, Junior, stands beside Viscount Chelsea. Lady Cadogan's sister, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, married Captain Lord Ebury a short time ago. (See *Tatler*, December 3rd)

Allied Artists

In England Now: Some Distinguished Painters From the Occupied Countries



M. Oscar Kokoschka Paints a Religious Picture

Oscar Kokoschka is the most outstanding Czechoslovakian artist of to-day. Well known on the Continent and in the U.S.A. as a leader of the expressionist school, he now lives in London, at Finchley, where this photograph was taken in his studio. During the Nazi campaign against "degenerate" art, over 100 of his works hanging in galleries in Germany were sold in Switzerland and America, some also going to Holland and Belgium, only to be resold after German occupation of these countries, thus obtaining large sums of foreign currency for the Nazis. M. Kokoschka, seen above at work on a religious subject, is a member of his local A.R.P.



Jean Oberlé painted this "Portrait of an English Lady"



Maurice Van Moppés, a corporal in the Free French Forces, sat to his friend, Jean Oberlé



M. Jean Oberlé Draws a Free French Soldier



M. A. Van Anrooy Paints a Portrait of Vice-Admiral J. Van Dulm



M. Van Anrooy painted the scene of destruction after the bombing of the ancient Dutch church in the City

M. A. Van Anrooy is Dutch, and a distinguished representative of his country's art. Seventy-one years of age, he has lived in England since 1898, and has pictures exhibited in the British, South Kensington, and Amsterdam Municipal Museums, and in the Canadian National Gallery, and in many provincial galleries. He is now the official Dutch war artist in London. Besides portraits, M. Van Anrooy is particularly fond of painting ships, bridges, and other naval subjects, and in all his work says he tries to get "resemblance, physical and psychological." He is a Knight of the Order of Nassau, and a member of the Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Jean Oberlé, the French artist, was in London when the war started. A supporter of General de Gaulle, he broadcasts regularly in the B.B.C. French programmes and is a contributor to the magazine, "La France Libre." Born in Brittany, he originally studied law, intending to enter the Civil Service, but the success of his spare-time cartoons in Paris newspapers changed his career to art. M. Oberlé, well known in France for his paintings—two of which hang in the Musée du Luxembourg in Paris—etchings and posters, has exhibited in Paris, New York, and in a modern French art exhibition touring Europe before the war. He also designed costumes for the Comédie Française, and for films, notably for Korda's "Girl from Maxim's"



M. Feliks Topolski Paints a Self Portrait

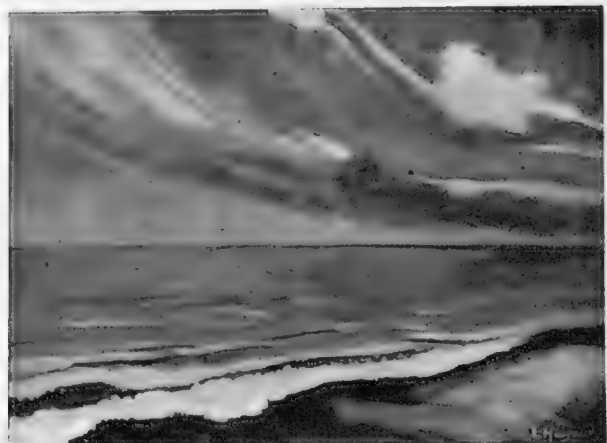
Feliks Topolski is the brilliant young Polish artist and cartoonist, whose work critics have compared to that of Daumier. He is now Poland's official war artist over here. Born in 1907, he studied painting in Warsaw, and was already a political caricaturist of note when he went to Italy and then to France. Since coming to England in 1935, he has depicted every aspect of English life, from the splendid to the humble, and a collection of his drawings, "Britain in Peace and War," was recently published. Topolski has held exhibitions in London and the Provinces, and his works have been bought by the Tate Gallery and the Victoria and Albert Museum.



"The Harvest"

**Madame Lucette Heuseux
Works on a Still-Life**

Mme. Lucette Heuseux is a Belgian who came to this country when Belgium was occupied by the Germans. Mme. Heuseux has a very original technique, due to the fact that she has always preferred working on her own to studying at art schools. She paints mostly symbolic and still-life subjects, and has had many exhibitions in Brussels and Ostend, and early this year she held one at Cambridge. Two of her paintings, "The Harvest" and "The Sea at Ostend," are shown below.



"The Sea at Ostend"



"Kem" Finds the Pen Mightier Than the Sword

Kimon Evan Marengo, better known as "Kem," is the Greek cartoonist of international fame, who came to England in 1930. The "New York Times," "John Bull," and the "Petit Parisien" were among the 126 newspapers which published his work all over the world, before the war. His subjects are chiefly political, and his biting wit has made his countrymen say that "Kem" is worth at least one fully equipped division. Every dictator, statesman and public figure of note has at some time in his career come in for "Kem's" attention. He is seen above at his desk, overlooked by his caricature of Mr. Lloyd George.



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Immortal

Lord Byron is an immortal character if not an immortal poet—and he may be that, too. A spectacular legend surrounded him, from the moment of his first emergence to fame, and when fame was succeeded by notoriety, this legend began to take on an infernal hue. He was to give name to, if he did not actually patent, a storm-driven, dark and ruthless type of romanticism—l'âme damnée idea, the idea of the fatal man. To what degree, and how willingly, he himself was the author of the Byronic legend it is still hard to say. Once the world's picture of him existed, he could not escape or forget it—but it exasperated as much as it flattered him. He was no poseur: his behaviour, in all its contradictions and variations, shows a sort of exasperated sincerity. Though a number of people tried to imitate him—his egregious young doctor Polidori was to be seen doing so under his very nose—I am convinced he never imitated himself. To cope with himself was enough—and he seldom did this well.

Suggestible, heady, full of complex resentments and an uncomplex, powerful vanity, Byron had much to contend with. Under his worldliness he was never fully armoured against the world. To become—and in a very big way—the fashion was in itself an ordeal for such a man. His réclame as a lover was to cause him as much annoyance as anything else: if he behaved like a brute to women, one must remember that it takes two to make a brute. Ironically, Byron—or the Byron legend—attracted the type of woman for whom he had least use. He detested exaltées—it was just these who were most ruthless in their pursuit

of him. Caroline Lamb and Claire Clairmont were two outstanding examples of what he did not want. His wife, though a woman of good faith, was an incorrigible mutton-eater and prig. In only one relationship, with his half-sister Augusta Leigh, naïve, placid and feckless, the "dear Goose," does Byron seem to have felt himself entirely honest or even partially happy. Soon, scandal queered and disjoined this. Scandal, unqualified as success had been, in 1816 drove Byron out of England. It is with the start of his wanderings that Mr. Peter Quennell's *Byron in Italy* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) begins.

Travels

THE Continental wanderings, with their two or three long pauses, are fascinating, and Mr. Quennell has not overlooked or failed to develop a single one of his theme's possibilities. The result is a book of which every page expands inside one's imagination, a true narrative that is also a work of art. Each new turn of the Byron story rivets one's interest, and scenes and figures live on in one's inner eye. Sympathy and detachment appear equally in this biographer's attitude to his subject, which seems to me ideal. The Lord Byron of *Byron in Italy* is neither written up nor written down—a justice he seldom received from his contemporaries. The comedies of the story—for it is full of comedies—are handled with equanimity and, rare thing, taste. Byron's relations with the Shelleys, with the intolerable Miss Clairmont, with the family of his Ravenna mistress, and with the garden-suburban Leigh Hunts could not, for instance, be funnier. It says much for Byron that he was not belittled by the



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Henry Martin

Mrs. Henry Martin, wife of the Editor-in-Chief of the Press Association, is chairman of the Winter Comforts Fund for the women and children of Soviet Russia. Mme. Maisky recently attended the inaugural meeting of the fund at the Dorchester Hotel and a contribution of £100 was received from Mme. Benes

antics of those who surrounded him. One might say, those who insisted upon surrounding him. For few of his Continental encounters were sought. In setting out on his travels, the tormented man had had two objects in view—distraction and forgetfulness. Debts put the crown on his worries, and every memory hurt. Just, however, as he travelled in his own coach, he carried around with him his own atmosphere, and this, fatally, was an electric one. His reputation could not fail to precede him, and on top of this he was faithfully advertised by Dr. Polidori—who had, before leaving England, been promised five hundred guineas by a publisher on his undertaking to write up his tour with Lord Byron. It was to Polidori's interest that much should happen. Much did—but also, quite soon, poor Polidori was sacked.

Sheer inadvertence made Byron run into the Shelleys—or, rather, Shelley and his Mary—at an inn by the Lake of Geneva. Mary's sister, Claire Clairmont, was with them: Byron must have groaned. Claire, having decided she was to be Byron's fate, at once resumed the attack. Her dreary success was to result in the birth of the child Allegra—delicious, but cause of friction until she died. Though Byron at the best liked and could at the worst tolerate Shelley, he was at once bored and scandalised by his ménage, and by his high-class attitude to love. The (I think admirably) conventional side of Byron's character is brought out by Mr. Quennell in all contexts in which Shelley appears—also, the Shelley of this book is brilliantly drawn. If, at their less good moments, Shelley saw Byron as a soulless voluptuary, Byron saw Shelley as not only a prig but something not far from a crook. During the years that were to follow, in Italy, the two poets converged on each other again and again: they rode on sands in sunsets; they shot, with melons, then coins for targets; they corresponded about the fate of the child Allegra; they became neighbours along the coast of Italy, and Shelley's last

(Concluded on page 418)

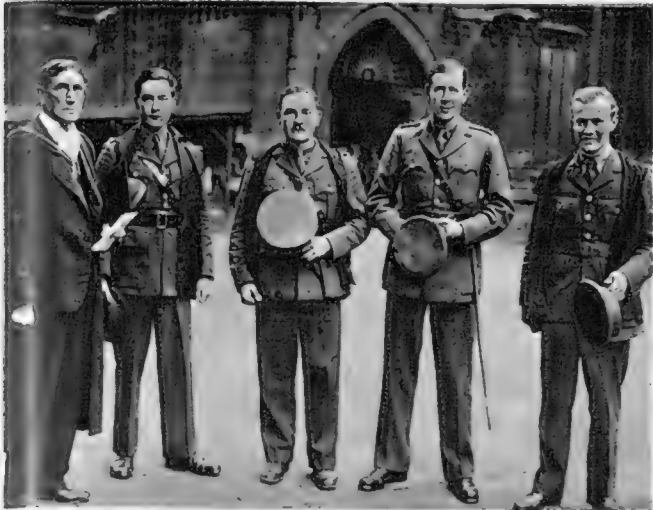


Mme. Muselier and Mrs. Ronald Poole Inspect a Doll

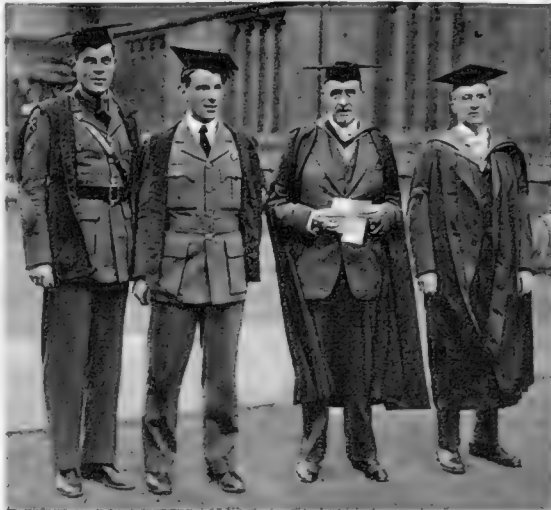
Mme. Muselier, the wife of Vice-Admiral Emile Muselier, who has been Commander of the Free French Naval and Air Forces since July 1940, is showing Mrs. Ronald Poole a beautiful doll dressed by Norman Hartnell at the exhibition and sale of dolls and toys opened by Admiral Sir Edward Evans in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. A portrait of General de Gaulle made an imposing background for the Free French stall

Oxford Goings-On

Gowns Over Uniforms; An All-Star Red Cross Show



Gowns à la guerre—brief and worn over uniforms—were a feature of the recent degree ceremony at the Sheldonian Theatre. Sec.-Lieut. Geoffrey Brabazon Gibbon, Lieut. Thomas Athron, Captain C. A. W. Williamson and Lieut. Joseph Newell were among those who received their B.A. degrees. With them (left) is Mr. K. G. Spalding, Dean of Brasenose



Two more new B.A.s are Sec.-Lieut. Richard Christopher Mitchell Bass and Pilot-Officer Barry Seaghan Sullivan. They were photographed with Mr. L. G. Wykeham-Legg, Dean of Arts, New College, and Mr. J. C. Smith, New College

Photographs by Johnson, Oxford

All-Star Show for Farmers' Red Cross Fund

The Oxfordshire Red Cross Agriculture Fund was the reason for and the beneficiary from a wonderful all-star show at the New Theatre, Oxford, presented by Jack Hylton and Stanley Dorrell. Stage and radio celebrities (see the group below, right, for some of them) entertained the packed house for the first half of the evening, an auction filled the interval, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, played in the second half

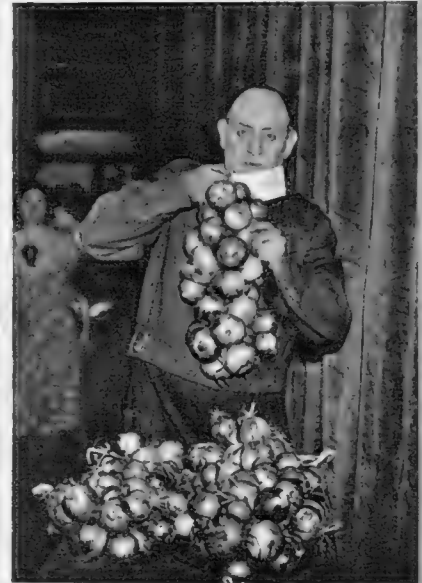


The Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, Lord Bicester, and his wife both wore uniform at the all-star show, at the end of which Lord Bicester made a speech thanking organisers and artists

In the front row at Oxford's New Theatre sat eleven-year-old Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill and her mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, with Mrs. Erskine and the Duke of Marlborough



Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Greenwood were there, and Mr. Greenwood also spoke after the show



Bud Flanagan, besides doing a Home Guard turn with Chesney Allen, auctioned onions at £5 a string and a portrait of the Prime Minister at £105

In the star group below are (back row): Jack Warner, Chesney Allen, Tom Webster, Bud Flanagan, Ben Cutteridge, secretary of the Oxfordshire Farmers' Union, Jack Hylton and Stanley Dorrell; (front) Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Askey, Adelaide Hall, Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood and Flying-Officer Richard ("Stinker") Murdoch. Mr. Hylton and Mr. Dorrell were responsible for organising and running this brilliant show



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

well-meant act, before he was drowned, was to land the unfortunate Byron with the Leigh Hunts.

Italy

FIRST Venice, then Ravenna were to be the scenes of Byron's most continuous life in Italy. These two cities provide, also, the most analytical and profound passages in Mr. Quennell's book. Venice, already in a phase of decay, was to impose on Byron modes of life, moods of love that, for some time, suited his temperament. Venetian women attempted to put across him no nonsense, no uplift; they were true (not phoney) tigers; they bit and scratched each other for his sake—without, at the same time, ever worrying him. The strapping "Fornarina" carried the day. But there was too much of all this; too many carnivals. Byron began to chafe in spirit, to weary. He ended by becoming the lover of the young, blonde, correct, sentimental Countess Guiccioli. The liaison, approved by the Countess's relatives, was in the accepted convention of the Italian provincial petite noblesse. It at once assumed a binding propriety on which Byron had not reckoned, and from which he found it impossible to escape.

Ravenna

THE rôle of *cavaliere servente* was new, and not grateful, to Byron. Its comedies were not wholly lost upon him. When the Guicciolis left Venice for their home in Ravenna, he ended by following in their train. "Milord" was now, in fact, little Teresa Guiccioli's accredited property. And not till he started for Greece was she ever to let him go. He was hammered firmly into his place in a highly respectable triangle; he carried shawls and fan to Ravenna soirées—of a dank dullness that entered into his soul. Had he for a moment swerved from Teresa's side, the whole of Ravenna society would have come down on him. Meanwhile, her husband attempted to borrow money, her father and brother involved him in mild but all the same sufficiently dangerous anti-Austrian plots. The dullness of that ultra-provincial small town, at the edge of salt-marsh and pine forests, with its gaunt basilicas and triste palaces, its winter fogs and its salt summer glare, is terrifyingly brought out by Mr. Quennell. At the heart is the mystery of Byron's acquiescence. Never can man of the great world, poet, roué, have been more fantastically placed.

Byron in Italy has stuff in it that would make a hundred novels. Mr. Quennell never loses his grip either on Byron or on the characters that surround him. Tension heightens with Shelley's death: there is a link between this and the internal crisis that made Byron slough off these scenes and people, turn his back on them all and set out to Greece—to meet, in a grim, realistic, anti-heroic spirit, that heroic death for which much is forgiven him.

Nature

MR. JOYCE CARY (of *The African Witch*, *Charley is My Darling*, and others) seems to me one of the best of our novelists. He is certainly one of the most original, and, at the same time, he is in the great early tradition—that of Defoe and Fielding.

There are times when I feel that the English novel has lost some of the vigour with which it started, and that it tries to atone for lack of vigour by noise. Mr. Cary can afford to write without noise. He writes with immense feeling, or rather feeling of an unspoilt kind, and natural energy seems to radiate from his characters. Also, he writes so naturally that he sometimes gives one rather a shock; he is never "frank" in the self-conscious sense; he simply lets his people say what they mean. His characters have a sort of genius of their own: one respects them, and they respect each other.

The heroine (and the "I") of *Herself Surprised* (Michael Joseph; 8s.) is a cook, Mrs. Monday. She is a fine figure of a woman. She is kind—too soft-hearted, perhaps—she has always tried to act for the best; her nature has its dreamy as well as its stalwart side. We could do with more Mrs. Mondays—yet, at the start of the book, she has just been sent to prison for eighteen months. She does not like prison; she says they make you feel like a criminal there. Then it occurs to her that she must be a criminal—she did certainly do what they sent her to prison for, but somehow it never seemed to her wrong. So she thinks back to discover where she went off the rails, and her retrospection provides the excellent tale.

I found I shared Mrs. Monday's surprise at her fate, and was ready to help her puzzle out her own character. In spite of the peccadillos that she reveals frankly, she continues to seem to me good and great. She got her ideals out of Charlotte M. Yonge, whose works she used as a young unmarried cook to enjoy in the back garden on her off afternoons. Religion—in a wide and sometimes surprising sense—continues to mean a great deal to Mrs. Monday. She has also a primitive soundness about sex—her attitude to what she calls "nature" in men is at once respectful and delicate. The three men

in her life—Mr. Monday (her gentleman husband), Gulley Jimson, the artist, and Mr. Wilcher, her latest employer, with whom she enters into an "arrangement"—could hardly be less attractive, to the ordinary eye. But Mrs. Monday's philosophy somehow ennobles them.

Rise and Fall

SHE enjoys her years of prosperity as a gentleman's wife—in fact, she lives in a whirl. She is remarkably gay—but her virtue is genuine, it goes right to the bone. Left as a widow, with almost nothing, she with great pleasure returns to her kitchen sphere. After the Jimson interlude, with its nerve-storms, she is glad of the shining stolidity of her pots and pans. . . . Her style, throughout, is her own: her metaphors, always beautifully apt, are plucked from her working life—white clouds are like muslin sleeves on a washing day; a sunset is like a kitchen fire. Meet and know Mrs. Monday: she is a finer creature than most of us.

The Piping Times

I FEEL profoundly grateful to Miss Gladys Mitchell for not putting her Mrs. Bradley, either actually or metaphorically, into tin hat and armlet. Fifth columnists and the gloomy etceteras of recent detective fiction do not impinge on *When Last I Died* (Michael Joseph; 8s.). The story is set in those good old days when murder still commanded the front page. And what a grim chain of murders we have here, and what subtle, strong characterisation goes to heighten the plot! Disagreeable Bella Foxley and nervous Muriel Turley are as haunting a pair of females as you could wish to find. There is ghost interest, and a very lively picture of what one might call a "professional" haunted house. Mrs. Bradley—the old crocodile!—is at the top of her form. The Book Society has recommended *When Last I Died*, and I must say that I perfectly see why.

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

THE cemetery of Oddy-upon-Wem lies on a naked slope. At the top of this slope there are trees, and villas of the pleasanter species. At the bottom runs the main road. The dead have no seclusion, they lie for all the world to see at a glance—rather as if the local stone-mason had his show-room there, and you could point out your choice with an umbrella while merely leaning over the wall. It is not attractive—as cemeteries go. The ideal cemetery should surely possess winding paths, high bushes and many trees. An atmosphere of peaceful seclusion at the end of life's perplexing labours, a gentle privacy which life so rarely affords anyone unless they fight for it at the risk of being dubbed queer.

I know it really doesn't matter, and when you read a tombstone dated 1741, you think to yourself that the one buried thereunder must have gone a long way by now. But wherever the dead lie, there should at least be an atmosphere of dignity. There can be no dignity, however, when the dead, in their forlorn helplessness, lie huddled together in mass formation, in serried ranks, as if some sergeant-major had them all lying at attention in some barrack-square. Personally, I don't want to be buried in an official burial-ground at all! If I can't be given some obscure, tree-shaded corner in a country churchyard, then I want to be buried in a wood! Alive, though trying to imagine myself

dead, I feel much more akin to the denizens of the air and undergrowth than I should ever feel in close proximity to Mrs. Smith, whom I never knew, Mr. Robinson, whom I disliked, and elderly Miss Brown, who was ever the perfect bore. Where I lay, I should at least form part of that perfect picture which Nature paints each day, and throughout the passing year—and so few trouble to look at. I should not be visited, but at any rate I should escape that bunch of flowers in a jam-pot, or that more capitalistic atrocity, the bead-wreath; and "Until we meet again," painted on a shield, amid plaster flowers, the whole under a glass dish-cover!

Or, peradventure, in some narrow crevice of a Cornish sea-cliff—the worst place imaginable for a tripper's picnic! Above all else, I would like to skip the conventional funeral. If death is anything at all, it is a fulfilment, a discarding of shackles, an escape to freedom. In life, such an event could only be understood by those who loved us deeply in spite of what we are—or were. It should not be the occasion for distant relatives to gather together, each fearful lest their cheerfulness at meeting one another after so many years might break through before a standing tea, when it was all over, allowed of a few family jokes. Decidedly, it should not be the occasion for strange gentlemen in top-hats—professionally interested. Nor for gaping crowds—which I loathe!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Conte-Mendoza — Brinton

Dr. H. Conte-Mendoza, son of Don Antonio Conte and Doña Laura Mendoza de Conte, of Panama City, and Constance Brinton, daughter of the late T. G. Brinton, of Esher, and of Mrs. Amy Brinton, were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick St.



Haworth — Webb

Lieut. Richard Firth Haworth, Derbyshire Yeomanry, of the Close, Ednaston, Derby, and Mary Webb, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Webb, of Oakington, Cambridge, were married at St. Andrew's Church, Oakington



Barry — Holder

Lieut. Arthur Percival Barry, M.B.E., late of The Hague, and Muriel Lettice Holder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder, of Keeping, Beaulieu, Hants., were married at Beaulieu Abbey



Harlip

Mrs. A. H. Gurney

Cynthia Averil Charrington, eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. V. S. Charrington, of Winchfield House, Basingstoke, was married to Lieut. Alexander Hugh Gurney, K.R.R.C., eldest son of Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, of Compton Regis, Shrivenham, Swindon, at St. Mary's, Winchfield



Fry — Ayrton

Peter Vivian Fry, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Fry, of Shortlands, Kent, and Joan Ayrton were married at Brompton Parish Church. She is the only daughter of Mr. Tom Ayrton, and of the late Mrs. Ayrton, of Sydney, Australia



McCall — Telfer

Sec.-Lieut. John K. McCall, Seaforth Highlanders, of Stirling, and Morag H. Telfer, daughter of A. H. Telfer, of The Knock, Causewayhead, Stirling, were married at St. Mungo's Church, Alloa

Lieut. Ian Hunter Horne, Royal Scots, son of John Horne, of Edgewood, Blackhall, Edinburgh, and Honor Nancy Humphreys, A.T.S., were married at Brompton Oratory. She is the daughter of Brig. and Mrs. L. Humphreys



Horne — Humphreys

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Nomenclature

THERE is a colt in the Free Handicap by Colombo out of Sweet Abbess. With humble submission, I suggest that it is absolutely imperative that he should be named "Kandy." In that lovely hill resort in the Island of Spices there are many temples, and in one of them is a tooth of the saintly Buddha, who must incidentally have had an excruciating time with his dentist, for it is an enormous fang. Kandy, as many know, is a very sweet spot.

Steeplechasing Signs and Portents

THERE is nothing more certain than that they are "coming back to us"! This is some more of that racing jargon, but it is good horse-sense nevertheless. The most difficult thing to acquire in the science of race-riding is how to sit still and suffer and resist the temptation to go and join the party up in front too soon. What agonies have had to be endured by many a good jockey who, feeling in his bones that the pace is all wrong, has yet been tortured by doubt and the fear of leaving it just that split second too late. What relief when he sees it proved that his judgment is right, and that, without increasing the pace of his own horse, the gap between himself and the leaders is decreasing.

"The Danger Spot," the one horse from which he has most to fear, has taken a big liberty with the two last ones, his quarters

have been swung up dangerously high when he hit them; his jockey has taken a rapid and very anxious glance at the ones that are upsides with him; he cannot, of course, see anything that is line astern of him, and he has doubtless arrived at the conclusion that the good one, who was in so badly at the weights, has been properly cooked by the pace long ago. And believe me, "Honest Injun" was in badly and would have been cooked if his jockey had not learnt how to sit and suffer.

Rough Going

THE coachman got a hoofful of mud smack in between the eyes as they went into the third one, maybe, and it was impossible to spare a hand to wipe his face; but somehow he managed to smear some of it off against his arm and improve the visibility. There was that bad bump as he was canoned into over the fifth one; he thought "Honest Injun" was for it. But he sat still, got him balanced again and the good horse resumed that rhythm which it is so necessary to preserve.

And four fences from home, and some of those still to be jumped are real snorters, there is that comforting feeling that "they are coming back to him." When the real moment arrives how they fall to bits! The good jockey then turns the tap on for the first time, goes boldly upsides with "The Danger Spot," leads him a good length at the last



A Canadian Officer and His Family

Captain W. G. Donnington-Hungerford came to England with the 1st Canadian Division, and his marriage to the daughter of the late Mr. G. P. Dumas, and Mrs. Dumas, of Arreton House, Woking, took place in March 1940. He and his wife have a son, Roderick. Captain Donnington-Hungerford was one of the first Canadian officers to be married in this country since the war

open ditch, makes him take off a lot too soon; lets his now anxious pilot come at him again as they go into the next one, and does the same thing again, with, probably, even worse results to the enemy, and even if he has not got him down, has him floundering and all abroad. And then he can hear the crowd shouting "Honest Injun! Honest Injun!"

Der Drang Nach Osten

IT was ever a fixed obsession with the late Kaiser Wilhelm, and it has passed on to his house-painter successor. It would be interesting if we could learn what Germany thinks of the sealing-up of this road, coupled as it is with the vanishing of the dream of a quick trick against Russia. The German General Staff, a very long-headed body, has for once made a serious miscalculation, and it has been led into believing that the Russian Army of 1941 was the same as that of 1904-05 and 1914 up to the time of the Brest-Litovsk surrender. This is an unpardonable blunder. The German General Staff, as is believed, reads everything, marks, learns and digests it, but the conclusion is forced upon us that it must have omitted to read the words of wisdom written in 1911 by a German General, who was the possessor of one of the keenest military intellects.

In *Germany and the Next War*, published at that moment in 1911 when he foresaw the absolute inevitability of a nation-wide clash, General Friedrich Von Bernhardi, in analysing Russian military might, wrote: "In any case there will be an enormous army ready to be put into movement for a great war . . . it will be best not to under-value an Empire like Russia in this respect." In another part of the same chapter Von Bernhardi wrote: ". . . how important it will be, should war break out, to threaten England in her Colonial possessions, and especially in Egypt."

Von Bernhardi was one of Germany's best cavalry experts and wrote a particularly good book upon cavalry tactics.

Guerillas and Gorillas

THE Verführer of Germany must by this time have found out how unpleasant guerillas can make themselves;



Officers of an Irish Battalion on the Occasion of the Visit of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster

Front row: Cpts. E. H. Welch, G. E. Hallam, E. M. Morrison, Major W. H. Metcalfe, M.C., Monseigneur Collins, the Commanding Officer, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Major F. W. Lynch, M.C., Rev. A. Horner, C.F., Major B. L. O'Brien, Cpts. R. B. Cottrell, A. A. Whittle. Middle row: Lieuts. A. E. Feeny, J. E. Finch, J. D. Home, F. E. Garrett, Sec.-Lieuts. A. S. Mallinson, J. M. Bullock, C. W. Hartley, G. W. H. Hartley, Lieuts. E. J. Hodges, A. J. Lloyd, B. A. Meadows, Rev. Father Stewart. Back row: Lieut. Milne, R.A.M.C., Sec.-Lieuts. R. A. C. Beazley, C. P. Heygate, E. A. Higgins, A. C. Ebbs, C. R. Buller, B. J. O'Neill Shepherd, J. H. O. Tiplady, R. H. Twist, S. J. Foster



Sec.-Lt. Richard Greene and His Fiancée

Richard Greene, the film-star, on special leave from the Army for film-making, is engaged to Patricia Medina. He met his fiancée on the set of "Unpublished Story," while working on the film at Denham. She is now appearing in "The Day Will Dawn," also being made there. Richard Greene is now in the 27th Lancers, and was one of the first British film-actors to leave Hollywood



An Army v. Navy Rugger Match

D. R. Stuart

The Royal Navy, playing their first big match of the season at Plymouth, beat an Army XV. by 11 points to 5. Back row: Surg.-Lieut. R. Kynaston, Sec.-Lieut. Morgan, R.N.E.C., Major J. Bruce Lockhart, R.M., Sec.-Lieut. Oxborrow, Sub-Lieut. Weall, Lieuts. Cochran, Nash, Rawkins, McHugh. Middle row: Capt. Inglis, R. Beer (referee), Sec.-Lieut. Cunningham, C. B. Holmes, Capt. Pollock, Sec.-Lieuts. C. J. H. Williams, Simmonds, Vorovodsky, Lieut. Lyddon, Sec.-Lieut. Dunn, Sergt. Jones, Capt. Haig Smith (touch judge). Front row: Sec.-Lieut. Hollis, Sergt. Law, Lieut.-Com. Sir John Walsham, R.N. (captain), Major G. W. Parker, R.A. (captain), Lieut. Watkins, Brigadier Travers. On the ground: Sec.-Lieuts. Evington, Penhaligon, Lieut. Healy

but he has yet to discover how much more obnoxious gorillas can be. He does not yet know what a lot of these things he has created in a supposedly easy-going and somnolent country like Great Britain. He may find out some day that the sleeper they look the more dangerous they are. There are many signs all around and about, if only he could see them. Quite placid people before all this blitz and other Krieg business have become dangerously ferocious: they no longer purr over their paper at breakfast; they growl over their food,

and I am persuaded that, if there were any eggs, they would bite the tops off them in preference to using the customary knife.

Then there is that local dragon, formerly quite charming and more or less companionable; now she is polite only to her Maker, and then only on Sundays.

There is also that wretched little rabbit who, like Crippen, lets his wife or his walk-out buy his ties and his socks. You would not recognise him to-day. Black-visaged war is a blonde compared to him.

The Verführer should also ask his spies to tell him about the change (for the worse) which has come over the people who never have been fit for human consumption till the sun is well over the mast-head. They were pretty terrifying before, but now...!

The signs of the rising tide of ferocity can even be found in the pleasant causerie of the Brains Trust. I have thought for some time past that the visit to America by one of them was overdue purely on the ground of personal safety.



Lord Hastings Keeps Watch

Lieut.-Colonel Lord Hastings (on the left) is in the Home Guard, and helps to guard the coast, from an early eighteenth-century tower on his estate, from which his ancestors kept watch at the time of the Armada. Lord Hastings is the Vice-Lieutenant for Norfolk, and owns Melton Constable, Norfolk, and Seaton Delaval, Northumberland



Submarine Commanders Compare Notes

Commander G. M. Sladen, D.S.C., R.N., and Commander H. F. Bone, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., of H.M. Submarines Trident and Tigris, were photographed together in London. Operating in Arctic waters recently, H.M.S. Trident successfully attacked seven enemy transports and supply ships, sinking three of them and severely damaging the others, while H.M.S. Tigris sank five enemy ships and torpedoed a sixth



A Sunderland Flying-Boat Captures a German E-Boat

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler



A Soldier at Waterloo

From the Diary of a Cavalry Officer, June, 1815, after being severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo: ("Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.)

"When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass It was not long before I sent for the Guinness and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

GUINNESS is good for you

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Badgering

BADGES of rank and office have a strong attraction for the military mind. And they have their advantages. When two naval officers join in argument with one another it is only necessary, in order to discover who is in the right, to count the rings on their sleeves. He with the greater number of rings is right.

With the civilian it is often impossible to know who is right. Even the display of a banker's pass-book does not finally clinch the matter, though to some extent this would act effectively as a badge.

The expert in such matters can read the history, weigh the successes, con the travels, note the knowledge and experience and assess the professional standing of any much-badged naval, military or Air Force personality who may be presented to him in full uniform.

But in aviation the badges which outweigh in importance all others and which are most coveted by officers and airmen are the flying badges. The pilot's wings; the observer's single wing; the air gunner's single wing with letters; these are the badges which every right-minded young man desires.

And their very desirability lends emphasis to the need for keeping them select. There have been cases of the wrongful wearing of these badges and, as is just, such cases have been firmly dealt with. But what baffles me is that some members of the air crews of our bombing aeroplanes are still—so I am told by one of them—not entitled to any flying badge, either pair of wings or single wing.

That is all wrong. I have constantly appealed for some ribbon to be awarded to the air-crew members of bombers automatically after the completion of a given number of successful sorties over enemy-held country. I still hope that something of the kind will be officially approved. Meanwhile the flight engineer should certainly have his single wing (with the letter E if you wish) approved officially.

It had been my impression that this had been done. But that is apparently not so. There is no officially recognised flying badge

for the flight engineer. The point should immediately be cleared up. If there is no such badge recognised in Air Ministry orders, the omission should be repaired. Let us in this see a new speed record set up by the departments concerned and let us have the badge officially recognised in, say, less than a month.

Fighters and Bombers

IT was interesting to see Mr. William B. Ziff putting the point that has so often been discussed about fighter and bomber construction. He had been over in England, and before returning to the United States he said that fighters ought to be our affair here in Britain, and bombers the affair of the Americans.

This is fundamentally sound. Bombers require huge factories and elaborate machine tools. The factories are more vulnerable to enemy bombing raids than the factories used for fighter production.

Moreover, the bombers can be flown to this country, whereas it is much more difficult to fly fighters across (though not impossible under certain special conditions and with special arrangements).

Both on the grounds that factories for bombers should be kept farther away from the fighting line, and on the grounds that delivery of bombers by air is practicable without special arrangements, the main division of the two great sources of supply would be wise; United States' factories on bombers, British factories on fighters.

Obviously, however, this division could not be sharply drawn. Some bombers will always have to be built here and some fighters over there. The principle is a good one.

Tired Tyres

THESE new highly-loaded bombers are a trial for tyres. (And in the interests of differentiation I refuse to follow the example of our revered threepenny daily in the matter of spelling.) Taking off with a full load is bad enough, but landing is also bad, and when the brakes are applied the rubber gets rubbed out pretty quickly.



D. R. Stuart

Two International Sportsmen in the R.A.F.

Flt.-Lt. E. Leebrook and P.O. Robert J. Mottram are two well-known sportsmen in the R.A.F. Flt.-Lt. Leebrook is a boxer who has represented Great Britain in many European capitals. He has boxed for the R.A.F. for many years, and is now Adjutant of an overseas squadron. P.O. Mottram is the lawn tennis international, and but for the war a probable Davis Cup player

A pilot who has been doing magnificent work on the Atlantic ferry was talking about this to me the other day, and he put forward the view that we should eventually be forced to give up the use of landing-wheels and take to continuous tracks, like the treads of tanks.

I am convinced that the landing-wheel must go out for the very large landplane. It and its tyre have almost become the limiting factor on size development. And the idea of the continuous tread seems sound, though it would involve an entirely novel undercarriage-retraction problem.

The change from wheels to tracks would not involve the principle of the tricycle undercarriage. This principle is established for all but the stick-in-the-muds. The bicycle undercarriage plus tail-wheel, such as we have used since the beginning of flight, is now dead when regarded as a design feature.

We shall have to use this type of undercarriage for a long time yet, because it is on so many types that are in quantity production. But I am satisfied that it will not appear in any new types which have any chance of success.

Libyair

OUR reverse in the Libyan Desert at the beginning of the month evoked a fury of public criticism of the "military spokesman" in Cairo on the grounds that he had been too optimistic. I must say that I did not get that impression.

He over-estimated the tank losses suffered by the enemy, but otherwise he was not to blame. And in the air we retained all the time our ascendancy over the enemy. As I write there are rumours of enemy air reinforcements going to Libya. If that is so, the battle for air supremacy may increase in fury.

But up to that point our Imperial Air Forces, under the brilliant leadership of Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, have done everything that could possibly be asked of them. They have demonstrated air superiority of no uncertain kind and beaten the enemy out of the sky. Let us hope that they will be able to maintain their ascendancy.



Flying-Instructors of an Elementary Flying Training School

Front row: F.O. Sandeman, Flt.-Lts. Weightman, D.F.C., Sandes, Wright, Batchelor, P.O. Hartley. Back row: Sgts. Harley, Robertson, P.O.s Colledge, Kay, Savage, M.C., F.O. Keiller, P.O. Reid



*Toast Your
Friends...in*

VAT 69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

'Quality Tells'



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

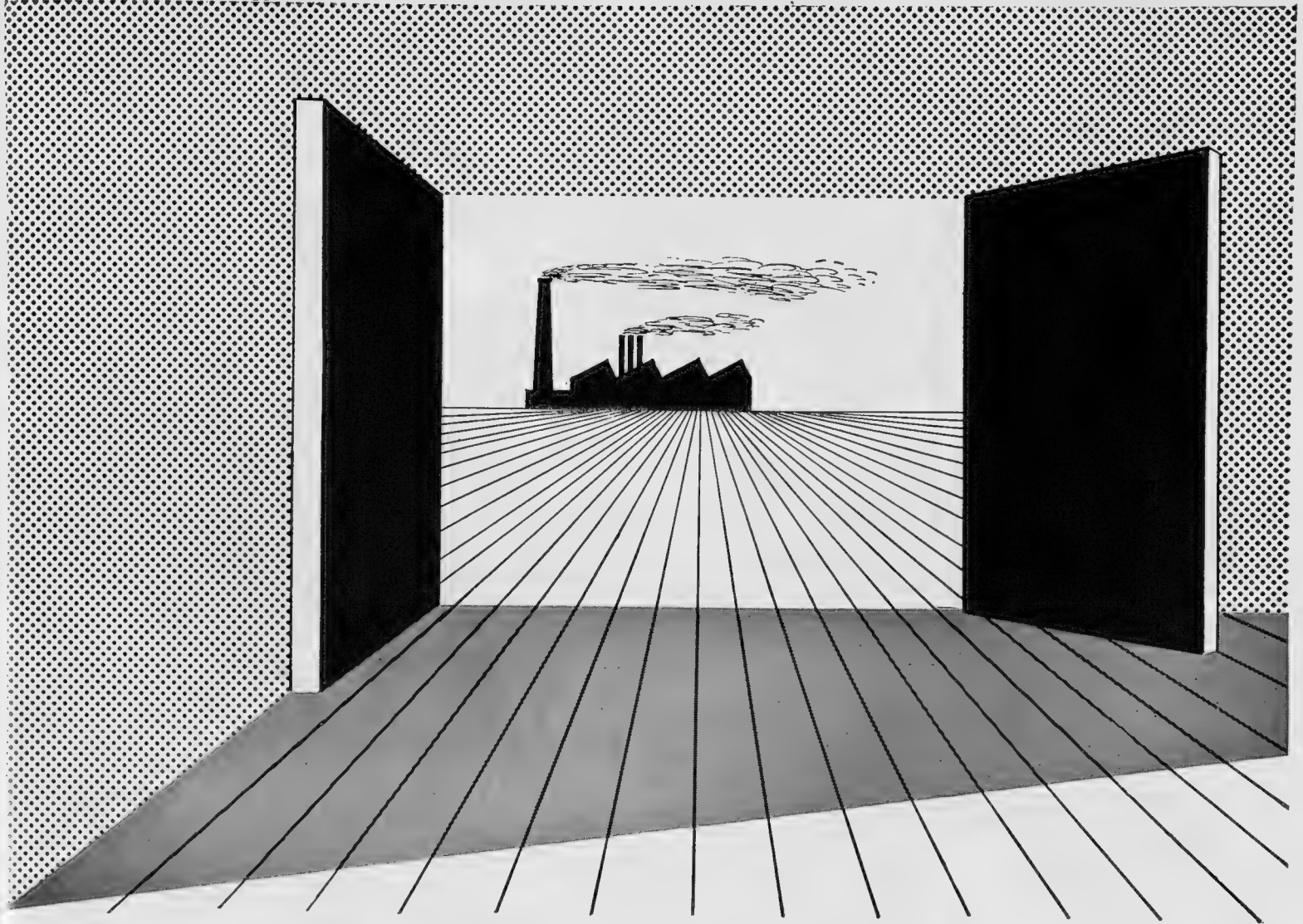
by M. E. BROOKE



Furs are no longer luxuries but rather necessities, especially coats made of hard-wearing pelts. They are light, warm, and perfectly ventilated. Harrods (Knightsbridge) are making a feature of the same, and women in the Services during the hours of relaxation revel in them. On this page on the left above may be seen a coatee of natural timber-wolf, and although it suggests the height of luxury, it wears remarkably well, and as will be realised it is very flattering to the youthful figure and complexion. It must not be confounded with lynx, the markings of which are darker and the hairs softer. Natural opossum is attractive: it is perfect for the country and there are few occasions when it may not appropriately be worn.

A fur that has come into its own during the last few years is ocelot. Harrods have used it for the coat on the right, increasing its charm with beaver, and there are many variations on this theme. Those who have to consider coupons rather than money must make a point of seeing the Persian lamb coats as well as those of mink. They are gilt-edge investments and are designed on non-committal lines. Furthermore, a feature is made of remodelling; this is an immense advantage, as it gives a new life to coats and accessories. Attention must likewise be drawn to the white lamb coats. They were originally designed for export to Canada, and are being offered at very advantageous prices. Full-length models with detachable hoods are lined throughout with Scotch plaid; they are excellent for wearing in the black-out. White lamb waistcoats with sliding fastener and strap belt are from 4 guineas





POINT OF VIEW

To make the finest goods, you need the finest worker. And a fine worker deserves and needs fine working conditions. That is the Ford point of view—expressed throughout their organisation. Safety precautions are everywhere. Constant care—the slightest injury being dealt with at once—has earned a fine freedom from accident at Ford . . . Arduous labour is minimised. The Ford worker is aided by the most modern equipment . . . Ford social service goes further—with high wages, good working conditions, staggered shifts to ease travelling. Yes, Ford aim to make more than good cars and tractors—they aim to make men. And with this point of view—

FORD MARCHES ON

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

PETERBOROUGH" tells this story in the *Daily Telegraph*:
Having hired a taxicab to take him in the blackout to a restaurant which he had not visited before, a hungry man walked into the building outside which he was set down.

In a dimly lit corridor he was asked for his pass. "I will show you my pass, certainly, but why should I have to show a pass when all I want is a meal?"

"Meal, sir?" said his challenger, "you won't get a meal here. This is the Ministry of Food."

IT was four o'clock in the morning. Arm in arm the two drunks staggered down the Charing Cross Road. Suddenly they reached a momentous decision. They were going to hitch-hike their way to Edinburgh, starting immediately.

The first drunk extended his hand. The second ditto grabbed it unsteadily.

"It's a bargain," hiccupped the first drunk. "We're goin' to Edinburgh right now. Hitsh-hikersh, thas us. Am I right?"

"Right," grunted the second. "Right!"

So the two men took up their stand right in the heart of Leicester Square. That it was four a.m. meant nothing at all to them. They stood there some ten minutes, waving their thumbs at the stray cars that passed. Suddenly a car pulled up across the street. One of the drunks immediately staggered over to make inquiries, while the other stew supported himself against a lamp-post. In a moment or two the investigating drunk stumbled back to his partner.

"Wassa matter?" demanded the waiting one. "Somethin' wrong?"

The other drunk shrugged.

"No luck," he grumbled, "that chap wash only goin' ash far as Carlisle!"

A NEGRO called upon an old friend, who received him in a rocking chair. The visitor noticed not only that the host did not rise, but that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a curious way.

"Yo' ain't ill, is you, Harrison?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, I ain't ill, Mose."

There was a moment's silence during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure.

"Den," continued Mose, "why does yo' rock yo'self dat way all de time?"

"Well," explained Harrison, "yo' know Bill Blott? He sold me a silver watch cheap, an' if I stop moving like dis, dat watch won't go!"

AN Irishman and a Scotsman were passing a Roman Catholic cathedral in Montreal. The Irishman removed his hat, the Scot did the same.

After they had gone a few steps the Irishman said to the Scotsman: "I thought you were a Presbyterian. I was glad to see you take off your hat when you passed the Holy Church."

"Church!" said the Scotsman. "Mon, I thought it was the Bank o' Montreal!"

JOAN had been naughty nearly all day. When her weary mother was putting her to bed she said:

"When you say your prayers, Joan, ask God to make you a good girl tomorrow."

With an inquiring glance Joan asked: "Whv? What's on tomorrow?"

(Concluded on page 430)



Good Greatcoats

We can usually fit an officer to his entire satisfaction on the spot. If it is necessary to make the greatcoat to measure, we work speedily and we work well. The cloths we use are good, warm and hard-wearing. The cut is faultless, the detail is exact. The price, for such care and comfort, is very reasonable—from 10 guineas.

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"And there the dream ended—you seized me by the hair and dragged me into a registry office"



By Appointment to
H.M. King George VI.



By Appointment to
H.M. King George VI.



Perfectly Matched

Each of the fine whiskies used in blending "Black & White" is carefully selected for its individual qualities, and then perfectly matched to achieve the distinctive flavour and character for which "Black & White" is renowned the world over.



"BLACK & WHITE"
It's the Scotch!

Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 428)

WEARY and footsore, two hikers arrived in a village just at dark. Unfortunately the only inn was full, but the host took pity on them.

"The church next door is always open," he said. "If I give you a couple of blankets each, you can settle down in two of the pews."

After a substantial refreshment, the hikers went to their novel bedroom.

Then about midnight the church bell began to ring. Consternation spread through the inn, and the guests came hurrying downstairs to learn what the trouble was.

"Nothing much," the boots said, quite unperturbed. "Just two whiskies and sodas for pews twenty and twenty-one."

RASTUS, summoned for jury service at a murder trial, had seemed a little too anxious to serve. "Do you know accused?" he was asked.

"Yassuh—dat is, nossuh," he replied, realising that if he made an affirmative answer he would be barred from serving.

"You think, then, that you could give his case a fair hearing?"

"Yassuh," replied Rastus. "Leastwise, ez fair ez de ole scamp deserves."

THE impecunious young man, writing to his bank requesting that a new cheque book he forwarded to him, concluded his letter:

"Kindly let me know how my account stands."

He received the following reply:

"Sir,—In reply to your letter, we beg to state that your account does not stand. You withdrew its last support on the 2nd instant."



"Have one of mine"

THE lecture had been on various gases used in modern warfare, and at the end the instructor asked an earnest-looking young man what he knew about a certain gas.

The recruit was anxious to show his knowledge, and started off with a dash:

"This is a very dangerous gas, so dangerous that a severe dose can produce fatal results, such as . . ." After a rather long pause he added: "Such as death!"

A ROOM in the old Haunted Grange had been turned into a A.R.P. first aid post. The staff were so keen that the thought of ghosts didn't worry them. On the first night the nurse on duty heard strange noises in the corridor. Opening the door she saw a spectral figure with its head tucked underneath its arm. "Dear, dear," she exclaimed brightly, "however did that happen. Come inside and we'll see what we can do."

"MARK time, there, can't you?" roared the sergeant.

"I am, sergeant," said the recruit wearing large boots, timidly, "inside me boots."

THE two small boys had been taken by their mother to lunch at a well-known restaurant, and the younger of the two began to say grace.

His brother promptly corrected him. "You don't say grace here," he pointed out, "mother's paying."

"LOOK here," protested the hard-up one, "surely you can't refuse to lend me some money. One friend should always be ready to help another, you know."

"Yes, but you always want to be the other."

A MOTHER had been telling her small son some of the "facts of life," and when she finished she said: "Now dear, are there any questions you would like to ask. Anything at all; don't be afraid."

After a little heavy thinking the boy replied:

"Well, yes, there is something I've been wanting to ask for a long time."

She asked him what it was.

"Mother, just how do they make bricks?"

HE was an enthusiastic, but not very skilful golfer, and after a very long time spent in missing the ball and various other feats not favoured in the best golfing circles, he stopped to wipe his brow.

"Ah," he sighed, "what couldn't I do to a bottle of beer!"

"Hit it," retorted the fed-up caddy.

TINY TIM'S TOAST



You will remember how "The Ghost of Christmas Present" took Scrooge to the humble home of his clerk Bob Cratchit, where the happy family could be seen enjoying a Christmas feast, and how Tiny Tim, echoing his father's sentiments, gave the toast "God Bless us every one!"

Dickens portrayed a scene which reminds us of the plight of Britain's Cripples. For many of these there is no future. They are untrained. No one will find them employment.

For over seventy years John Groom's Crippleage has been fighting the cause of Britain's Crippled Girls, training them to make artificial flowers, thus enabling them to earn sufficient to become partially self-supporting.

In addition we have 150 children in our Girls' Orphanage, all being fully maintained.

The war has made a difficult problem more difficult still. Will you send a Christmas donation to help these works of mercy? And will you buy Crippleage flowers? They are on sale at leading stores throughout the country.

President: The Rt. Hon. Lord Radstock.

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AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION
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EYE-BEAUTY

Unretouched photographs before and after the Hystogen Treatment.

WHETHER or not the eye is endowed with an overpowering beauty, is firstly determined by the condition of the surrounding skin. Eyes set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune, or ill-health and destroy the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. Fortunately this imperfection can be successfully, painlessly and permanently corrected by the one sure method known to science, the Hystogen Method, invented and practised by a famous Swiss specialist who has successfully treated 10,000 cases. Also all other facial defects treated, such as unsightly noses and lost contours. Call or write:

HYSTOGEN (EST. 1911)

26 ETON AVENUE, SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3

Facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe

Now that it looks as though the time may come when you'll be facing the world

with a one-suit wardrobe—ask your tailor to cut it in Sportex. A suit of this firm-woven

Scottish cloth will keep you looking serenely well-turned-out in town or country long after the average suit would be showing serious signs of overwork.



Have it cut in **SPORTEX**
it'll last as long as mine

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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blades

last*longer

and

save steel

★... and even longer still if you avoid the rust you cannot see. Even the strong shouldered Gillette edge has an enemy to its long life that only you can repel. Never leave your blades in a steamy atmosphere. The microscopic beginnings of oxidation on that fine edge will rob you of many a good shave.

PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX

Blue Gillette 1/3 for 5

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A NOBLE SCOTCH

*Gentle as
a Lamb -*

OLD ANGUS



A whisky that warms first acquaintance into old friendship. Old Angus has a flavour as Scottish as the moors, and an amber clearness as pure as a mountain burn.



IBURY

This is Betty who, at the call of duty, left her leisurely, sheltered

home life for active service in the W.A.A.F. It is a new, happy and exciting experience into which she has plunged with unbounded energy and enthusiasm.

But Betty is wise. Even the most active day does not find her unprepared, for she always maintains a good reserve of strength and vitality by making 'Ovaltine' a regular part of her daily dietary.

This delicious food beverage possesses the nutritive properties required to create new energy and vitality and to build up body, brain and nerves to the highest efficiency. Moreover, a cup of 'Ovaltine' at night helps considerably to ensure the best kind of restorative sleep.

For these reasons 'Ovaltine' is the ideal beverage for everyone. It is most economical in use, and if milk is not available water can be used as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' can also be eaten dry if desired.



Delicious

OVALTINE

Builds up Strength and Vitality

P584A



Valstar
"777"
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SUPERLATIVE
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In normal times the best shops have "777"
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THAN WOOL . . . QUARTER THE WEIGHT.

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GRASS WIDOWER

WHEN the war came, I
don't mind telling you I
was in a flat spin about my
business. We're a firm of builders
and the work started dwindling
week by week. I was just begin-
ning to think about shutting up
shop, when one morning I got a
message from the Town Hall.

Well, soon we were knee-deep
in work again — doing things
like extensions to factories, and
concrete shelters.

All this time my wife had been
sticking it out with me, though we
were right in a blitzed area. The two
children had been sent away earlier.
But she had a sudden call to go to the
elder boy, who was ill.

At first I managed all right as a grass
widower. But whether it was the strain
of the extra work (we were understaffed
at the office so I carted home an old
typewriter and pounded out letters and
bills myself at the dining-room table)
I don't know; anyhow when my wife
came back on a rush visit, I had to
admit I was feeling tired, and couldn't
account for it. She insisted on my
seeing our doctor.

After questioning me, he started —
much to my surprise — talking about
Sleep Groups. Here's what he told me:
There are three Sleep Groups.

In the 3rd Sleep Group are the people
with downright insomnia. 2nd Groupers
(this was where I came in) are the ones
who apparently sleep all right — they
sleep long enough — but it doesn't do
them any good. They don't feel rested
next day. If you get 1st Group Sleep,
you're absolutely O.K. 1st Group
Sleepers are the ones who sleep
soundly the whole night through and
wake up refreshed and restored, ready
to tackle anything.



The doctor said I was to take a cup of
Horlicks every night — to get into the
1st Group class.

From then on I had a cup of Horlicks
— and a delicious beverage it is, too —
every night before turning in, and in
no time I was feeling a new man. It's
marvellous to wake up in the morning
"fighting-fit." And don't I enjoy doing
about three people's work, and Home
Guard, and looking after myself into
the bargain! I sent the wife back to the
country beside the children again —
she's quite happy about me now. And
business is fairly humming!

THE KIND of sleep you get makes all the
difference to your well-being. Your sleep
must restore your mind and body completely
so that you are renewed and refreshed when
morning comes. To get the right kind of
sleep — 1st Group Sleep — drink a cup of
Horlicks every night at bedtime. You'll find
soon, that you always have a reserve of
energy that you can call on to meet the
unexpected demands that are made upon all
of us nowadays.

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks
when their chemists or grocers are temporarily
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ensure equitable distribution.



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in wartime

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new things — and,
like all of us, have
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is the History of GOOD BRANDY

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Christmas symbolises the dawning of Faith. For centuries past, at this period of the year, man has experienced Faith with an exaltation of spirit, with a sublime feeling of good-fellowship. The act of giving is the material expression of this goodwill. So let it be this year. . . . But with less to give, be more discerning in your distribution. Think of the patients of The Royal Cancer Hospital, visited with a malignant disease that is among the most dreaded enemies of mankind, and send a Christmas gift, however small, to the Secretary.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

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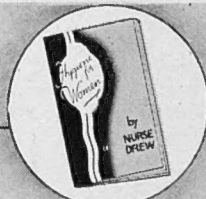
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SANTA CLAUS

- a la mode!

Here I am — in war time kit — with my sack of gifts in one hand and a Stirrup Pump in the other!

Not quite the sort of Christmas I've been used to. But still it's Christmas, and still there's the same spirit of good will — even if there has to be a little less "good cheer".

Toffee and Chocolate were my time-honoured stand-bys for Christmas. In fact, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without them.

So I'm glad that some of those good things are still to be had — even although there is only half as much as usual.

Mackintosh's

'Quality Street'

OFFICIAL PRICES

"Quality Street" and "Double Centre" Assortments - - - 8d. per gr. lb.
1-lb. Box 1s. 4d. - - Handy Packet 6d.
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"MAX" Chewing Gum - - 1d. per pkt.

Owing to the large demand we are at present prohibited from supplying steel for domestic purposes

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The Market Cart by Thos. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727-1788)

The ever-turning wheel...

Since the days when Gainsborough's "Market Cart" was so typical of the English scene we have passed through a period of intense industrial revolution—the Period of the Wheel.

Faster and faster the wheel has turned, speeding the wheels within itself—producing the mechanical marvels of this industrial era.

Outstanding among the achievements of this Period of the Wheel are Daimler, Lanchester, and B.S.A. Cars, B.S.A. Motor Cycles and Bicycles, B.S.A. Tools and Guns, Jessop & Saville Steel, the Monochrome Hardchrome Process,

Daimler Buses . . . The creators of these products—products worthily representing Britain's contribution to an engineering epoch—honour the wheel and continue to study its vast and varied potentialities.

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Daimler Buses

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